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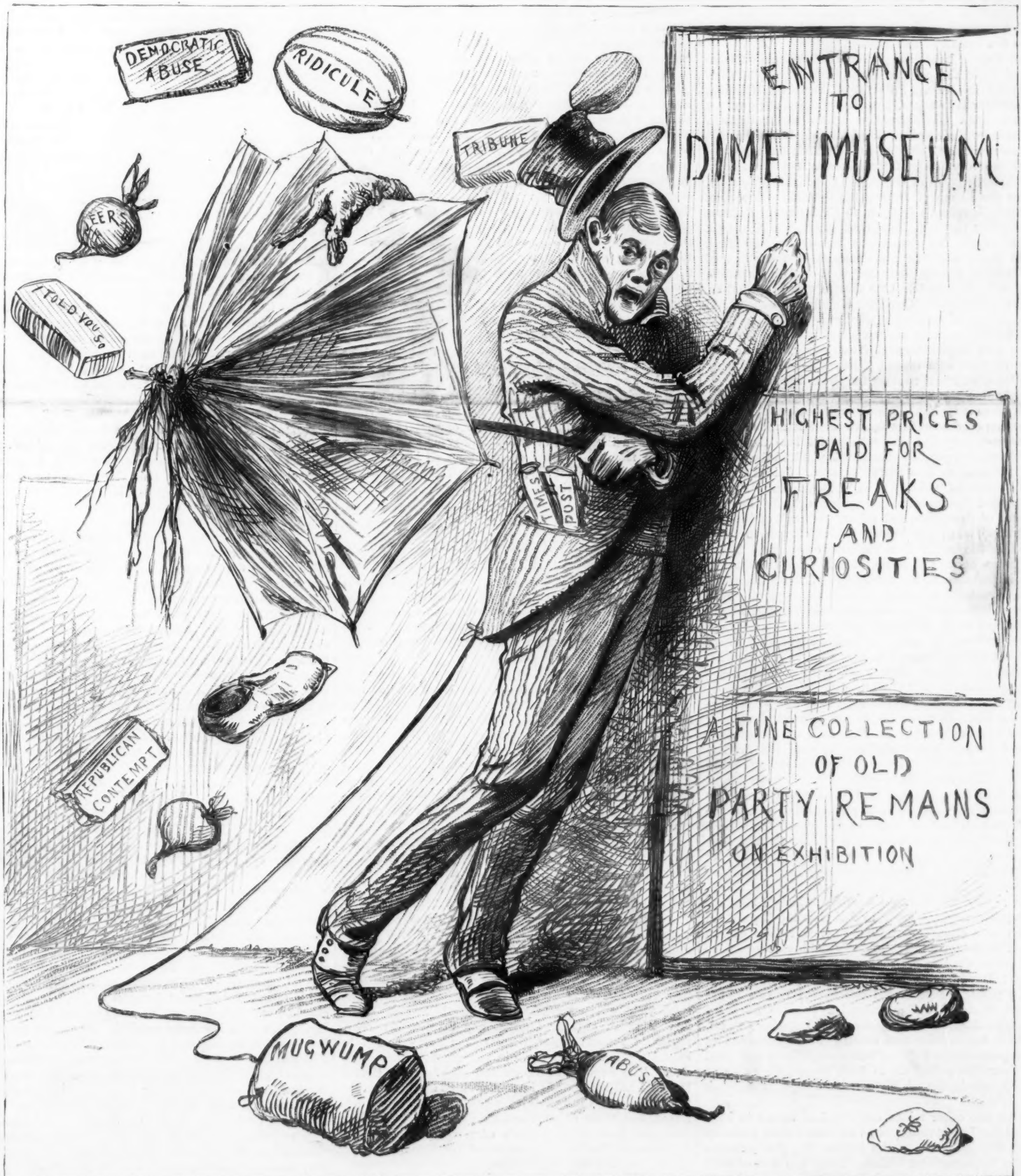
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE PERSECUTED MUGWUMP—A REFUGE AT LAST.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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 Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE result of the New York election adds another to the long list of wasted opportunities in politics. On the one side was a man of pure record, committed to the cause of reform and identified with the better element of the Republican Party. Opposed to him was a candidate whose sympathies were with the more obnoxious methods of the party which placed him in nomination, and whose real attitude was one of hostility to the effort towards true progress and genuine reform which President Cleveland is admittedly making. With the lines thus clearly drawn, the candidate of the machine politicians has triumphed. And why? Every one knows that the nomination of Mr. Davenport commanded the support both of his own party and of many who place principle above party. Had the election been held within a week after the nominating convention met, it is probable that Davenport, and not Hill, would have been the next Governor of New York. Let us see the causes of this change.

And first, it is necessary to eliminate certain explanations given in the partisan Press. Mr. Davenport's defeat is not due to the influence of Secretary Manning, nor Secretary Whitney, nor to any exercise of power on the part of the Administration. Those who make such charges know their weakness and falsity. There has not been an important election in New York for a generation so free from Federal interference as that of last week. That vigorous partisan organ, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, charges the blame of Democratic defeat in Ohio upon President Cleveland's devotion to Civil Service Reform. That equally partisan Republican organ, the New York *Tribune*, finds the Democratic victory in New York due to the President's abandonment of the cause of Civil Service Reform and his use of Administration influence in this State. One charge offsets the other. Both are unfounded. Governor Hoadly had himself and the unrighteous political methods of his managers to thank for the popular condemnation of their party in Ohio. The Republicans of New York have, in the course of their own organs, stump speakers and party committees, sufficient reasons for their defeat.

The truth is, that the Republican campaign was bungled from first to last. The absurd platform contained a sweeping censure of Cleveland's administration, which was reiterated by the orators imported into the State. Few fair-minded people indorsed this plank at the outset. It was not an issue in a State campaign. Joined to this was the perennial "bloody shirt." Republican "stumpers" bawled themselves hoarse over a "solid South," the woes of the negro, and other "crimes" of the Administration, until the average citizen began to think himself in the midst of a national campaign. There were issues enough at home. There were questions of direct importance to the tax-payers of the State which might have been so discussed that voters would have seen that it was directly for their interest to intrust the management of State affairs to a man of Davenport's high character and excellent business ability. There was Hill's partisan record as Governor to discredit his campaign professions. Above all, there was a chance to advance the cause of Civil Service Reform by demonstrating the necessity of electing a man who would conduct the State Government in an economical manner and on business principles. But, as a matter of fact, sectional ravings and mud-throwing were the favorite Republican weapons. That inexhaustible garbage heap, the Tweed Ring, was raked over and over until decent people held their noses. And then, when everybody was getting sick and tired of personalities, and of the "bloody shirt," and of abuse of Cleveland, the attacks upon the Independent voters were renewed, and they were insulted, rather than welcomed, on account of their willingness to vote for the Republican candidates. Independent Democrats were alienated by the foolish clamor against the National Administration. Independent Republicans were made to feel that the Republican Party was a close corporation, restricted to a chosen few. This fatuous but seemingly deliberate effort to repel voters went so far as to give rise to a suspicion that Mr. Davenport was to be "knifed" in order to remove a possible Presidential candidate. In view of the attempt to defeat Judge Sedgwick because he voted against Mr. Blaine, this suspicion was altogether natural. But is it any wonder that sensible men grew tired of such a performance? They became apathetic and staid away from the polls. Or in their disgust they showed their disapprobation of Republican campaign methods by their votes.

There are other minor causes. Hill seems to have secured the Labor vote, helped to some extent probably by the troubles between the leading Republican organ and the Typographical Union. There was undoubtedly some trading in this city, but this was apparently not important. The result can be summed up in a sentence. The chief reason of this unnecessary Republican defeat

is the blatant, stupid, pointless and low-toned manner in which the Republican campaign has been conducted, and the consequent alienation of voters who hold the balance of power. The result is a triumph of reactionists, and is to be deplored. It is not an indorsement of the Administration save for the rebuke to the foolish assailants of the Administration, for President Cleveland, as every reasonable man knows, is diametrically opposed to the political methods represented by Governor Hill. The election shows that people in these days have grown into a habit of thinking for themselves, and are apt to resent forcibly insults to their intelligence and common-sense. Dealers in political claptrap and brazen-lunged peddlers of second-hand issues will do well to take the hint.

THE ANTI-CHINESE CRUSADE.

ALONG the whole Pacific Coast the hoodlum persecutors of the Chinese are triumphant. They are everywhere breaking down the monuments of law and order. Two of the murderers of the Chinamen who were recently killed in Washington Territory have been tried and acquitted, though there was ample evidence of their guilt. Evidently the jurors had made up their minds in advance, for, it is said, "they were out only thirty minutes." "It is claimed that the task of acquitting the remaining alleged murderers will be an easy one." No doubt! And the task of covering the name of American justice with disgrace and contempt in every civilized land will be an easy one if this sort of thing is to go on.

On the day before this mock trial, "many hundred citizens congregated" in Tacoma, Washington Territory, a town that claims to have emerged from a state of barbarism, and violently drove out the Chinese residents, whose chief crime was that they were industrious and economical—hunted them out, bag and baggage, compelling them to leave their houses at the beginning of Winter and camp on the unsheltered prairie. Of course it is a League of alleged "workingmen" that has driven these quiet toilers out, in the very same spirit as that which, thirty years ago, assailed the Germans and Irish landing at New York, because they sent a part of their earnings home, and were willing to work for less than the wages paid to those who had been here longer. It is a stinging reproach to us all that such an outrage can occur on American soil. And the people must not sit down in tame submission to the sentiment which makes such things possible. There must be some way in this country by which laws for the protection of peaceful and industrious residents can be enforced. Let that way be found!

Meanwhile, the country will await with interest the effect of the proclamation of the Governor of Washington Territory calling on all the officers of the law to preserve the peace of the Territory and protect the Chinese from abuse, and commanding all law-abiding citizens, who have the interest of the Territory at heart, to assist in preserving its good name by suppressing the outrages upon the Mongolians.

OUR FOREIGN EXPORTS.

IT is to be regretted that New York and Chicago speculators are keeping up prices of breadstuffs to such a point that the foreign exports of our cereals are being noticeably affected. The statistics show that the exports of wheat, for example, from the Atlantic seaboard, since September 1st, are more than eight million bushels behind those during the corresponding period last year, while the visible supply in this country, on the other hand, is some twelve million bushels larger than at this time last year. There seems every likelihood that we shall be undersold in the great marts of Europe by Russia and India during the entire season if our prices are not reduced. There is no such scarcity of grain abroad as would warrant us in attempting to dictate high prices to the consuming countries of Europe. Even a war there would be likely to have less effect than some have supposed. The effect, indeed, might in the end be prejudicial to our agricultural interests. In the long run no branch of commerce will ever profit by so deplorable a condition of affairs as inevitably attends the curse of war. The corn exports, since August 25th, have been 7,701,695 bushels, an increase compared with that of the corresponding period last year of 5,338,012 bushels. They should have been larger. The cotton exports also make a favorable exhibit. The total since the beginning of the crop year is 640,000 bales, as compared with 610,000 bales for the same period last year. It seems probable that the "top crop" of cotton will be smaller this year than was at one time anticipated, but the total yield will nevertheless be liberal; and as cotton is now much cheaper than at any time, with one exception, for many years, there seems every reason to expect a large foreign trade in our great Southern product. The exports of bacon are already more than a hundred million pounds in excess of those of last year; the lard exports are nearly seventy-five million pounds larger, and those of pork are an important item more than last year. The exports of petroleum have thus far reached the large aggregate of 557,630,000 gallons, against 517,053,000 for the same time in 1884.

Now let only reasonable prices be required for our wheat, and we shall see a larger foreign trade in that cereal, and at the same time a more encouraging East-

bound traffic from Western marts on our great railroads. The price of wheat in Liverpool is several cents lower than that current at New York.

PASTEUR.

THERE seems to be good reason to believe that the great work of finding a remedy for hydrophobia, to which Dr. Louis Pasteur has recently devoted himself, is to be crowned with success. A brief reference to the history of the man, and of his experiments, will therefore prove of present interest.

In May, 1884, a commission was appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction in France to examine and report upon the results attained up to that time in this branch of scientific inquiry. Professor Tyndall, in his introduction to the life of Pasteur, lately published, said that the preliminary reports of this commission inspired the hope that his success was assured. The grounds for this hope were then only the results obtained by experiments upon lower animals. We may now look for a report which will fully confirm these expectations, and then all mankind may breathe more freely at the thought that this frightful disease, which has baffled all skill, and caused such horrible dread and suffering, is at last under the control of science. If this is true, it will add another chaplet to the crown already awarded to this great benefactor of his race. What glory will be his in the future generations, when the fame of the warrior shall become dim in the light of a higher civilization! We call Alexander, Peter, Frederick, and Napoleon, "The Great," because we assume that they dealt with the great affairs of the world; but here is a man who has become truly great by dealing with the "infinitely little." His labors have not been with the sword, but with the microscope. His struggles have not been with his fellow-men in arms, but with the invisible and eluding forces of Nature, and always for healing, and not for destruction.

Pasteur! His name itself indicates the noble work of his life—a shepherd—one who "careth for the sheep"; a preserver and protector of living things in all their forms—the vine, the yeast-plant, the silkworm, and his fellow-man. He is now only sixty-three, and with a nobler ambition than Alexander's, will doubtless seek other worlds to conquer; for the world of the infinitely little lies close about us, and is almost unexplored. He began his researches in it at the Ecole Normale, in Paris, in 1843, and forty years afterwards his conquests were celebrated by a triumphant procession in his native town of Dole, in which he was carried, laden with honors, to see affixed to the façade of the little house which was his birthplace a plate with this inscription: "Here was born Louis Pasteur, December 22d, 1822." In this town, and afterwards at Arbois, his father, who had been a soldier decorated on the field of battle, led the humble life of a tanner, and devoted himself to the task of securing an education for his son. He succeeded in placing him at the Ecole Normale at the age of twenty-one, and there he found full scope for his faculties, and began the career of scientific conquests which has been made familiar to us in the pages of his son-in-law, M. Radot, who has been for many years his constant assistant. His first discoveries were in chemistry, resulting in remarkable revelations on the subject of molecular dissymmetry; but he was, almost by accident, led into the field of the investigation of microscopic organisms; beginning with experiments on spontaneous generation, and passing on, with extraordinary ardor and devotion, to the phenomena of fermentation, the diseases of wine, the manufacture of beer and vinegar, and the diseases of silkworms. In these studies he attained results of the very highest practical advantage. In fact, it is impossible to estimate the vast commercial benefit he has bestowed upon mankind. Professor Tyndall says: "By the simplest of devices, Pasteur, at a stroke, abolished the causes of wine disease. He took up the investigation of the diseases of silkworms at a time when the silk husbandry of France was in a state of ruin. The calamity was appalling, all the efforts to stay the plague having proved futile. In June, 1865, Pasteur betook himself to the scene of the epidemic and at once commenced his observations." The result was one of the greatest triumphs of science. The Minister of Agriculture had offered to pay an Italian 500,000 francs for the success of a proposed remedy; but all his experiments failed, and in 1865 the loss in the weight of the cocoons reached 100,000,000 francs. In the face of this great danger, Pasteur, who had never handled a silkworm, was called upon, and after years of investigation succeeded in restoring this important industry. During this work he was stricken down by paralysis, and thought the end of his labors had come. "I regret to die," he said; "I should have wished to render more service to my country." His wish has been granted. After two years of helplessness, he regained his health. He was then forty-five, and he has already had nearly twenty years more of successful labor in higher fields, but upon the same lines. He has been engaged during late years in the investigation of virulent diseases, and the artificial cultures of living contagion. Here is a boundless field for the ripe resources of a mind like his. If he can be spared for another twenty years, what far-reaching benefactions may he not bestow upon his race in future ages! Can we point out any ruler, statesman, or soldier, whose life is so important to mankind as his, or whose title to enduring fame will be stronger, if the results of the

work he is now pursuing shall be equal to those he has already reached?

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

AN interesting feature of election day in this city was the attempt of several well-known ladies to vote under the laws as they now stand. Two of these—Mrs. Hester Hermann, a philanthropic lady of literary tastes, and Mrs. Addie Mitchell, wife of a physician—had been allowed to register in a moment of official inadvertence; but the inspectors had recovered self-possession during the succeeding week, and when election day came they firmly refused to deposit the ladies' votes without an order from the Supreme Court compelling them to do so.

Of course the inspectors are correct in their conclusion. They decided according to the technical law and the undoubted precedent. To say nothing of its seeming slightly undignified for ladies to attempt thus to "crawl under the tent," as it were, instead of coming in by the obvious way, it would be dangerous to establish the precedent that anything may properly be done by anybody which is not explicitly forbidden by statute. If women want to vote, and if it is deemed expedient to extend to them this privilege, let them secure the passage of a law authorizing them to do so, or else besiege some court of competent jurisdiction, and get the judge to issue a mandamus compelling the inspectors to receive their ballots. The experience of Wyoming Territory, and, far more positively, the experience of Washington Territory, tend strongly to show that women may vote without endangering the welfare of the State; and it is time that some influential State should try the experiment in a larger way and note the practical results. Obviously we are never to attain peace till we have sounded the whole gamut of social and political experience—till we have tried all the possible combinations of the sexual puzzle. What reason is there for longer postponing this experiment of woman suffrage, which is bound to be tried sooner or later?

OUR GIRLS.

THERE is something sorrowfully wrong among the young women of the present day. Emancipated from the disabilities of past ages, with perfect liberty of action and of thought, with unlimited opportunities for culture, with all careers practically open to their choice, jealously sequestered from heavy cares even in homes where cares are rife, why is it that our girls are so at odds with fortune, as they most evidently are? A profound world-weariness lies heavy on them; a listless indifference to life, a dismal doubt whether it is all worth while; and it is not to the newspaper record of suicides, to the oft-told story of sad disappearances from sheltered homes, to the reports of *misalliances* which frequently startle the social world, that we need to go to learn that all is not well with these young creatures who should be all brightness and hope and keen delight in the mere act of living.

Undoubtedly, there is something wrong in their training. With all our colleges and professional schools, our industrial training and cooking classes, there is something they yet need. Our mothers, gentle souls, were romantic, and their views of life were all awry: but life was lovely to them, and it was a pleasant thing to their eyes to behold the sun. Our daughters—save the mark!—are practical; they could diagram a sonnet while their little feet yet dangled from their schoolroom-benches; they know something of science, and are strong in the higher mathematics; but their world is hollow and their dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and there is no one who can show them any good.

A radical vice of their training is that it has made them too self-conscious. Wide as is the sphere of their opportunities, their sympathies are all turned in upon themselves. It is life of which their souls are scant: not science, not opportunity, not recreation, but life—the power to be. Only as one loves does one truly live: this is why we are taught that He in whom we all live, not *does*, but *is*, love. And the nature of woman is to love, to squander sympathy upon every living thing about it: thwarting that, her power of life is thwarted. Let her sympathies be enlarged, then, not turned in upon herself. Let her heart be expanded by little kindnesses done for her parents and her brothers and sisters, for the servants in the house and the poor at her gates. Let her be shown the wide vistas that open in practical work among the suffering and the needy; let her learn something of the delight of service.

For in the dignity and beauty of service lies half the glory of a woman's life. Labor may be sordid; it may be demeaning or belittling. Service is always uplifting and ennobling. "I am among you as he that serveth," said One who was Son of Man—the very type and embodiment of humanity. To girls in prosperous homes the impossibility of labor often brings discontent; they chafe and are restless under what they consider the uselessness of their lives, not recognizing that labor is only an accident of service, not its essence; that it is by love only that one can really serve another. But this lesson should be learned from the father rather than the mother, and it is in the father's influence that a young girl's training is usually most sadly deficient. In our work-a-day life, fathers are too busy to pay much attention to the training of their children. "There is a rock," says Robert Burns, "on which the human soul must anchor or be split

—it is the sex opposite to itself." This holds true in the relation of father and daughter, mother and son, no less than of lover and lover. All that the mother is to her son—of inspiration, of stimulus, of subtle source of strength—the father may be to his daughter. He should be her model—the standard by which she may try the men who will approach her as lovers. There would be fewer unhappy marriages, fewer ill-grounded divorces, were there always a close and trustful intimacy between father and daughter.

It is not the extent of the school curriculum, nor the practical training of our girls, which makes or mars their lives. It is the central idea of that training; that which informs its whole plan. Service rather than success, love rather than self-love, well-doing rather than applause—these give to life an inexhaustible interest, make its recreations and its joy no less than its labors all one great duty, and make it worth the living.

OUR CLIMATE AND MONUMENTS.

THE climate of the United States appears to be peculiarly unfavorable to certain kinds of monuments. Not only do many of them require a preposterous length of time to attain their full growth, but with some the process of crumbling or disintegration sets in immediately, and accomplishes its destructive purposes much more rapidly than the ordinary course of oblivion. The Egyptian obelisk, which weathered the siroccos of three thousand years on its native desert, and which was expected to delight Americans with its hieroglyphic legends for centuries to come, already begins to drop away, after but four seasons of frost and the malarious atmosphere of Central Park. The monument erected by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, at Tappan, to the memory of the British spy André, has suffered even more severely. Three times has it been hurled from its flatteringly inscribed base by dynamite or other explosives mysteriously accumulated beneath the foundations. It now lies a shattered wreck. This result may be not so much attributable to the rigors of the climate, perhaps, as to the coldness of the American public towards a project for glorifying the confederate of Benedict Arnold. It has been suggested that an inscription setting forth the plain fact that the monument marks the spot where a British spy was deservedly hanged by the order of General George Washington might protect it from further shocks. But Mr. Field evidently does not incline to set the fashion of inscribing plain facts upon a memorial stone. Another course remains. As General Di Cesnola thinks of some day placing the obelisk beneath the shelter of the Metropolitan Museum's roof, so Mr. Field might bring home his monolith, cover it with inscriptions in praise of André and himself, and set it up on his own hearthstone, safe away from the slights and injuries of the cold world.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Balkan Conference at Constantinople has finally assembled, the first formal session having taken place last Saturday. It is believed to have opened with accord among the Powers upon the following bases: that the Treaty of Berlin be nominally maintained; that Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria be permitted a personal union under Prince Alexander; that an international commission fix a common code of laws for the two states; that their military budgets be kept separate; that the Roumelian militia be maintained; and that the Bulgarian troops be forbidden to cross their own frontier. There is little danger that the military resources so suddenly developed on all sides will be tested during the sessions of the Conference. In fact, the Ambassadors of the Great Powers are said to look upon a peaceful solution of the question as a matter of certainty. The military dismissal of Prince Alexander by the Czar from the honorary rolls of the Russian Army, in face of the fact that he is the *protégé* of the Queen of England, is regarded as a serious incident, especially in connection with England's reported acquiescence in the *status quo ante* only on condition of the modifications already mentioned, favoring close relations between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia.

It is gathered from the vague and fragmentary reports received from the Soudan that a large rebel army under the new Mahdi is advancing down the Nile from Khartoum. An army of thirty thousand Arabs is said to be massed at Abu Hamed, three hundred and sixty miles north of Khartoum, and the rebels appear virtually to control the river as far north as Dongola. They have captured Sennar, which the Egyptian garrison had previously abandoned. Their cry is, "On to Cairo!" but the continual revolts and quarrels amongst the followers of the new Mahdi will probably serve as a bar to any serious invasion of Egypt.

It is now thought that King Thebaw of Burmah will partially submit to the demands of the Indian Government. The queen, who exercises great influence over her husband, is said to counsel acquiescence, at least for the present. It may be doubted, however, whether England will be content with a partial submission. The expeditionary force is ready to embark, and the indications are that it will sail at the appointed date. The present difficulty, it will be remembered, arose from Thebaw's arrogant refusal to attend to a communication of the Viceroy of India proposing arbitration with reference to an extortionate fine of £230,000 imposed upon the Bombay and Burmah Trading Corporation, which company has an immense body of servants and hundreds of elephants employed in timber-cutting in Burmese territory.

A lot of young cranks in London, who seem to have no other vices to occupy their time, have organized a Suicide Club, whose function seems to be theoretical, rather than practical. They are just now experimenting as to what method of self-destruction possesses most fascinations, which is most painful, and which makes the most muss. Up to the present time one of the enthusiastic members has been drowned and resuscitated, and another has been hanged, cut down and brought to life. Both were miserable during the latter stages of the "coming-to" process, but the hanged man presents a glowing account of the beatific sensations he ex-

perienced before he was cut down. He felt a big jerk, a momentary pain, and then—Elysium. The drowned man was not so well off. At any rate he had not made such a splendid case for his client; but this may be owing to a flaccid imagination or a feeble gift of gab. Other forms of suicide are now to be tried—the next on the docket being arsenic and the lively stomach-pump. The philanthropic club proposes to obtain and be able to furnish a diagnosis of every form of voluntary death, except, perhaps, being run over by a locomotive. Thus it is that the tired youths of London are devoting themselves to the welfare of the human race.

THE Board of Civil Service Commissioners is at last reconstructed by the appointment of A. P. Edgerton, of Indiana, and W. L. Trenholm, of South Carolina—Dorman B. Eaton reluctantly retaining his place for some months at the President's request. Both the new appointees are partisan Democrats, but their record justifies the belief that they are quite capable of performing satisfactorily the duties of the trust imposed. The people of the United States will expect them to be thoroughly non-partisan and impartial, and to adhere to the spirit of the Civil Service laws, as well as to interpret their letter.

THE Democrats of Virginia appear to have surprised themselves by the majority of 25,000 given to Fitzhugh Lee for Governor. The contest was marked throughout by great violence of feeling, both parties working desperately for success, and the result is perhaps as nearly a fair expression of the popular sentiment as can be obtained in a State where the methods of both Democrats and Republicans are sometimes open to criticism. The Legislature being Democratic, General Mahone will, of course, lose his seat in the Senate, and the narrow Republican majority in that body will be that much diminished.

FERDINAND WARD, sentenced to hard labor in Sing Sing Prison for ten years, has found useful, if not congenial, employment in the stove-mounting shop of that institution. He is treated precisely the same as other convicts; and it is to be hoped that this strict rule may continue—that there will not be, at any time, a modification of the regulations in his favor. The prison rules require the convicts to rise at half-past five o'clock, and to work from that time till five in the afternoon, with intermissions for breakfast and dinner—a routine which, to say the least of it, is very sharply in contrast with the luxurious life which Ward has hitherto been living. But at the same time it is a good deal more wholesome, and may prove much more beneficial, morally and physically, than any experience he has heretofore enjoyed.

MR. SECRETARY WHITNEY has done the very wisest thing he can do towards remedying his erroneous action as to Mr. John Roach, by ordering the three cruisers, *Chicago*, *Atlanta* and *Boston* to be finished under the Advisory Board according to the original contract, and by accepting the *Dolphin* as a Government vessel pending the controversy about the manner of building her. Roach is ruined, and probably can never recover himself; but the United States Navy will have four highly respectable vessels, better and faster than anything now or ever before in service. If the *Dolphin* should now be sent to sea without delay, Secretary Whitney, or the men around him who know something about navigation, would be able to note how a steel cruiser behaves, and what modifications, if any, will be necessary in the vessels to be built by this Administration.

THE Tammany Hall Democracy have had their revenge. A year ago their organization was beaten at all points, and it was freely predicted that it would never recover from the drubbing it had received. This year it proposed a union ticket, but the County Democracy scornfully rejected the offer and nominated a ticket of their own, evidently believing that they could capture everything. Well, they are wiser than they were, for in point of fact they have not carried anything. Tammany has made practically a clean sweep. They have the Sheriff, County Clerk, President of the Board of Aldermen, Common Pleas and two City Court Judges, one Coroner, and seven district Aldermen, four Senators and eleven Assemblymen. Even the Republicans come out of the scramble with more substantial advantages than the arrogant County Democracy. It is quite apparent that those good people who have been getting ready to rejoice over the burial of Tammany will have to wait a while for an opportunity to ventilate their satisfaction.

THERE is a funny side to almost everything, if one can only see it—a fact which is not now stated for the first time. To most people it would seem hard to find a gleam of brightness, let alone humor, in the smallpox scare to which the large number of deaths in Montreal, and the stories of brutalities to which patients in the hospitals there have been subjected, furnish so dark and funereal a background. Yet, in Biddeford, Me., the possible danger is made to add a novel, if not unique, entertainment to the list of local social events, where "vaccination bees" are the jolly sensation and joke of the hour. The practical innovation was introduced by a young lady who invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to spend the evening at her home, and then introduced a doctor, who at once vaccinated all present—at the expense of the hostess. To the student of Shakespeare, and the admirer of the "Melancholy Dane," it is certainly curious to read of a case of smallpox in the town of Elsinore, Denmark, which caused the chief of police to issue a general order for vaccination of the citizens, under a penalty of fifty cents a day for noncompliance. Presumably the ghost of Hamlet's father has less terrors for the sturdy Elsinorean than the payment of this money penalty, for there was a prompt and unanimous vaccination of the inhabitants.

THE completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway marks an era in the history of the great Northwest. While the high expectations of its projectors as to its political and commercial advantages may not be realized, there can be no doubt that it will contribute largely to the future development and prosperity of the Dominion. Trains have already commenced to run over the eastern section of the line, but the formal opening of the great enterprise will not take place until next Spring, when there will be a monster celebration. During the coming Winter the climate and other conditions in the Rocky Mountains will be observed and carefully noted, especially as regards snow-slides and drifting of snow in the Selkirk range, and by this means it is expected arrangements can be made to insure a steady continuation of traffic next year, without interruption or accidents, when the transcontinental traffic commences. It is expected that the road will, by next Summer, be in a position to compete with American transcontinental roads for the overland freight traffic between Europe and China, Japan and Australia. The company intends to have a line of steamers plying between the Pacific terminus and China and Japan, and also to points on the Pacific Coast, making connections, by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the Allan line of steamers through to Europe.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



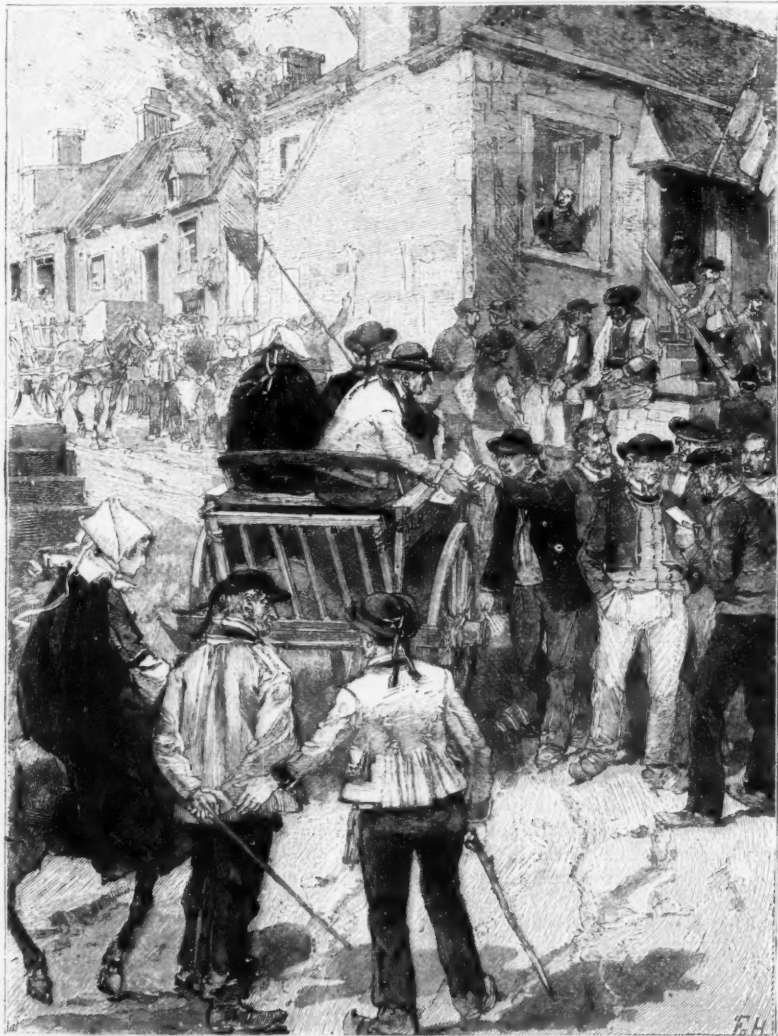
ITALY.—CHEAP KITCHEN FOR THE RELIEF OF SUFFERERS FROM CHOLERA AT PALERMO.



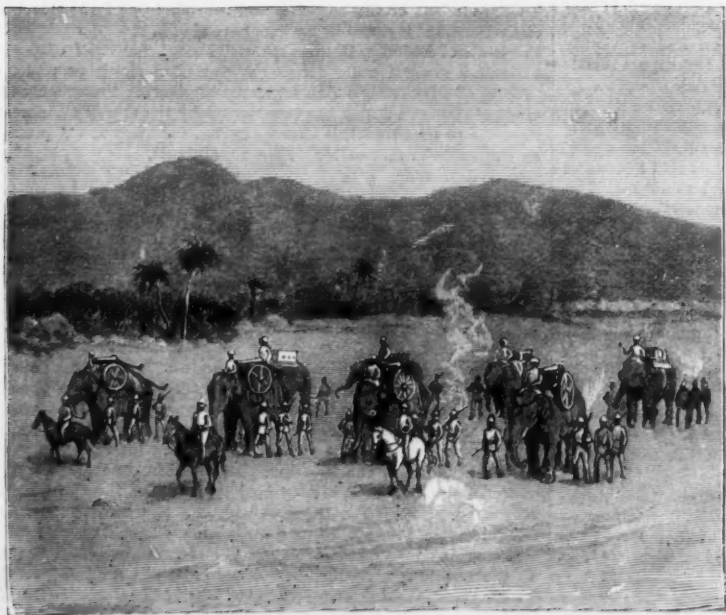
EASTERN ROUMELIA.—DR. STRANSKY, CHIEF OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.



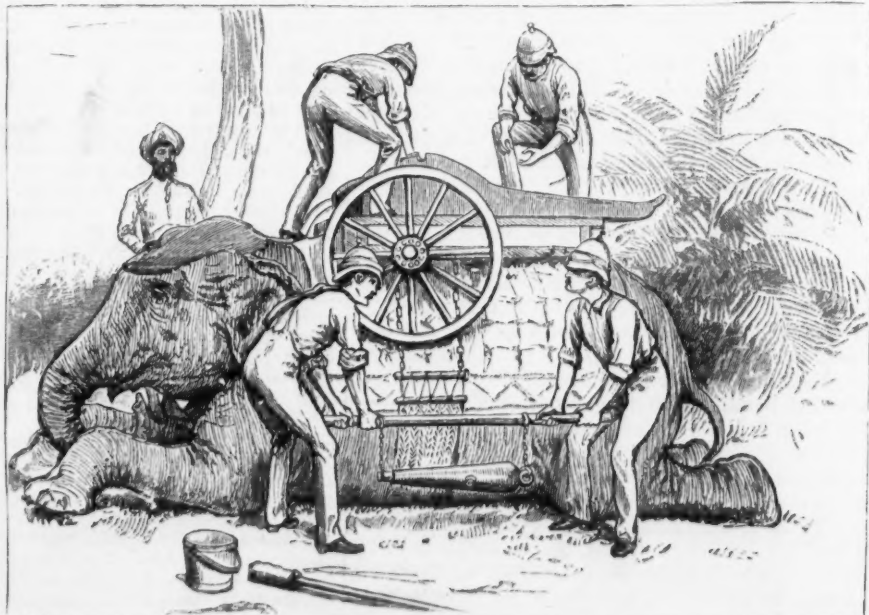
ENGLAND.—MEMORIAL TO MICHAEL THOMAS BASS, PHILANTHROPIST, UNVAILED AT DERBY, OCTOBER 17TH.



FRANCE.—THE SUPPLEMENTARY ELECTIONS (OCTOBER 18TH) — BRETON PEASANTS VOTING AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

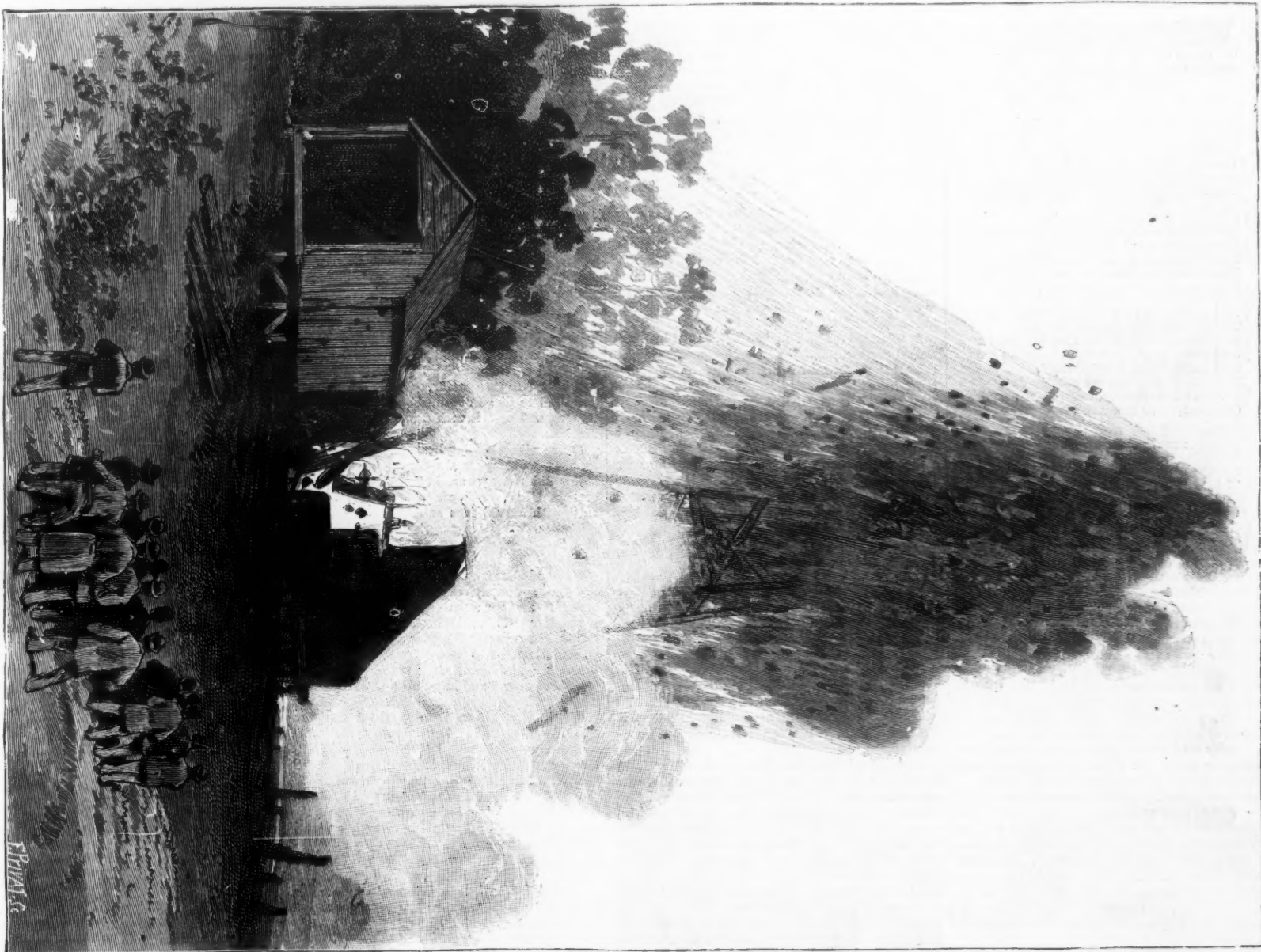


An Elephant Battery at Tongo.

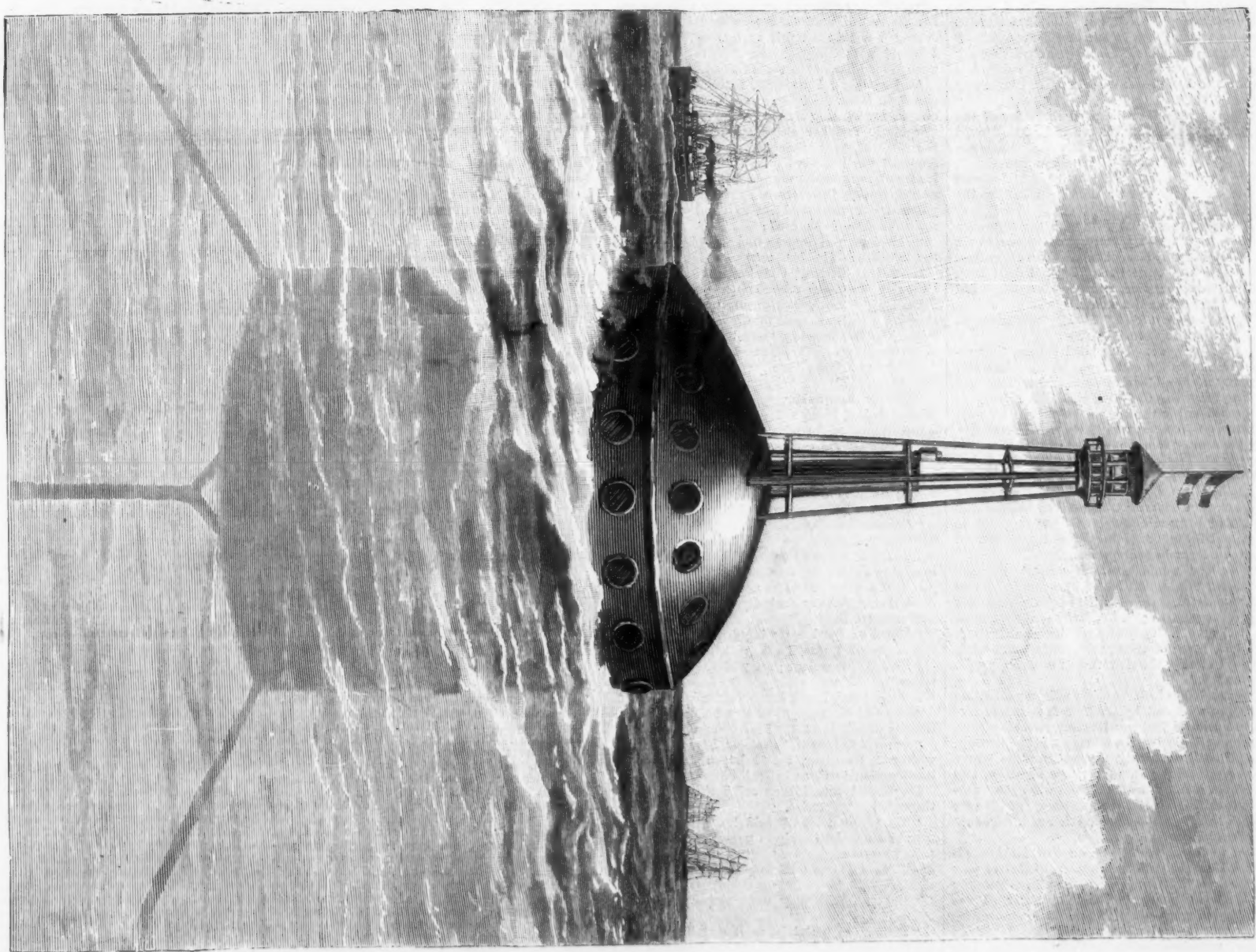


Mounting a Gun.

EASTERN INDIA.—PREPARING FOR HOSTILITIES IN BURMAH.



PENNSYLVANIA.—SHOOTING AN OIL WELL NEAR TITUSVILLE.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 18.



THE PROPOSED OCEAN SIGNAL SERVICE.—A MID-OCEAN STATION, ACCORDING TO THE PLANS OF F. A. CLOUDMAN.
SEE PAGE 188.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am covered with the grass,
If my low grave you chance to pass,
Oh, pause one moment—oh, I pray—
And in that surely coming day,
Say, as you pluck the pimpernel,
"Here lieth one who loved me well."

You do not care for me. Ah, no!
For pride you could not stoop so low;
One from your high and old estate
With lowly lover could not mate;
But still, when I am dead, I know
You'll think of him who loved you so.

I know I shall not be forgot:
You'll miss me, though you love me not.
Love's is so sweet a memory,
That though it came to you from me,
Your heart will some day thrill to know
That one has loved who loved you so.

And when you pass my grave and see
The blossoms blowing for the bee,
And hear the South Wind saying Mass
Like wandering friars who chance to pass,
O'er incense-cups of pimpernel,
Oh, in that sometime coming day,
Pause by my grave, and give, I pray,
One thought to him who loved you well.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

MY MYSTERIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

By S. A. WEISS.

"ALL right! Don't forget to come for me punctually at six!" These were my parting words to the boatman who had just rowed me across to a little rocky islet lying opposite St. Meure, one of the numerous little Summer resorts on the coast of Brittany. And when the man had pushed off, and with long and steady strokes was making his way back to the shore, over two miles distant, I proceeded to arrange my canvas and colors, and commence a study of the restless waves that broke in multitudinous forms and tints among the dark rocks.

I congratulated myself that I was not likely to be interrupted here by intrusive strangers. This little rocky islet was a solitary place, where few people ever came, and I had a long, bright day before me in which to enjoy it all to myself.

For some hours I painted on industriously; and then, to relieve my cramped feeling, arose and sauntered slowly along the beach towards a point of rocks, which, jutting into the water, concealed the rest of the beach from my view. Climbing these, I suddenly found myself almost in the presence of two ladies, one of whom was seated at the foot of the rocks, and the other standing half-way up, shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed out to sea.

"What in the world are we to do, Marie?" I heard her say, in a tone of despair. "It is too late to expect any newcomers, and I don't believe there is a person on the island besides ourselves."

The girl on the beach raised a pair of bright dark eyes and perceived me. Her first startled expression gave place to one of relief.

"Excuse me, ladies," I said, politely lifting my hat. "I do not wish to appear intrusive, but you seem to be in some trouble. Can I be of any service?"

"Thanks, *mein Herr*," replied the elder of the two, turning to me. "We are indeed in a most embarrassing predicament. Our boat has unaccountably drifted away—there! you can see it plainly near that little island to the right—and we were at a loss how we should get back to the shore."

I hastened to comfort them with the assurance that the boat which would come for me at six o'clock could easily accommodate them also. And as to their own little bark, it would drift back with the incoming tide, and doubtless be picked up and restored to the owner.

"Were you not afraid," I said, "to venture so far from shore by yourselves?"

Oh, no!—they were both good rowers, they assured me; and the weather was so fine, the water so calm, they apprehended no trouble. They had once or twice before visited this island, for here they could enjoy themselves in their own way, undisturbed by a crowd. They were making a collection of seaweeds; and at my request the younger of the girls shyly opened a blotting-book and exhibited a number of specimens carefully arranged on paper. In discussing them she forgot the reserve of manner which I had at first noticed, and became enthusiastic, pointing out to me the delicate branchings and the variety of color and form in the specimens.

"Monsieur would never imagine," she said, raising her bright, soft brown eyes to mine, "that such wonderful beauty existed in those little dark limp tufts, such as you see drifting about among the rocks there. Only observe the exquisite lines—as fine, some of them, as cobwebs; and when you look closely, the rich tints of crimson, purple and orange."

I pretended to look, but, in sooth, my attention was more attracted by the fair face before me, with its delicate features, its clear, rich olive complexion, and the beauty, so rare and fascinating, of constantly changing expression. She was a slender, graceful girl, of perhaps eighteen, and her sister, a few years older, was what most persons would have called the handsomer of the two, though lacking the fine expression of intelligence and sensibility of the younger.

And so it was that there, on that lonely little island, I was by circumstances compelled to pass the whole of a Summer's afternoon in the society of this lovely young girl and her sister. I was myself young, and of a romantic and susceptible temperament—and what wonder that I yielded myself unresistingly to the influence thus presented! Here, I already fancied, I had at last met with the idol of many a day-dream—perhaps

the one woman destined to make my future happiness.

I could not, however, but observe in both my fair companions a certain reserve or reticence as regarded themselves. They did not give their names, only calling each other Emilie and Marie; nor could I discover anything concerning them, except that they resided partly in Paris and partly "in the country," and that they had traveled a good deal, and were fond of music, and—what is not very usual in French women—of books and general literature. They had been educated partly in England, partly in France, and spoke both languages fluently. Yet I discovered that they knew nothing of English or French society, and had no acquaintance at St. Meure. In fact, the elder sister observed, with a constrained air, that they were very fond of home, and made but few acquaintances, especially when among strangers. I observed Marie color slightly at this remark; and look away across the waters as if to avoid meeting my eye. Could this have been a hint intended for me? I wondered. Yet I had presented my card, and the ladies had acknowledged that they recognized my name, and consequently must have known of my family connection, which was rather a distinguished one for a poor artist.

We rowed homeward that evening over a calm sea and through a golden sunset. I was happy and elate, and wondered as I noticed the shade of sadness that seemed to creep over Marie as we approached the shore. Her sister, too, became grave and silent; and when I at length assisted them on the landing, she turned to me quickly, before I had time to offer my escort to their lodgings.

"Monsieur," she said, sweetly, but with what appeared studied reserve and distance, "we are greatly indebted to your kindness, for which we thank you. And since we shall probably never again meet, permit us to say *adieu*, and to wish you much enjoyment in the future."

And then she drew Marie's arm within her own, and turned away, almost abruptly. The wish to avoid me was so evident that I felt a little chagrined as well as surprised; but finally attributed it to the French ideas of etiquette, under the circumstance of our meeting without an introduction.

Under this impression, I lost no time in seeking to discover the lodgings of the fair sisters, determined in some way to obtain the necessary introduction. I privately inquired at every hotel, at every lodging-house, and at length succeeded in finding them at a neat cottage where there was a beautiful garden, and apparently no other lodgers. The cottage was quite remote from the busy little Summer bathing-place, and no one of whom I inquired seemed to know anything about the two ladies. They never appeared at the public restaurant, the dancing-hall, or the concerts, and it was only by assiduous watching that I managed to meet them once or twice on the little-frequented beach a mile or so beyond the haunts of the gay pleasure-seekers. On these occasions they returned my greeting with a manner so formal and distant as would have discouraged a bolder spirit than myself; but still I would not relinquish the hope of yet finding a way of admission to their society.

At length, as I thought, fortune seemed inclined to favor me in this respect. I was taking one of my solitary strolls on the beach, when I saw Marie and her sister approaching, and at the same moment observed an old gentleman in front of me lift his hat to them in passing. I hastened my footsteps, and with the freedom of watering-place intercourse addressed him, as we pursued our way together to the hotel. After some remarks, I observed:

"Monsieur, you appear to be acquainted with the two ladies who just now passed."

He turned his head and looked at me keenly, I thought, and then replied:

"I have come across them, monsieur, more than once in the course of my Summer wanderings. Our last meeting," he added, with stiff deliberation, "was, I think, among the Swiss Alps."

"Then you know them, or, at least, you know who they are?"

"I know them to be very estimable and accomplished ladies, though I can claim no personal acquaintance with them. They prefer to keep to themselves and not make acquaintance among strangers."

A sudden idea struck me, and caused my heart to fail for a moment.

"Is either of them married?"

"Not that I am aware. It is not likely that they will marry, I think."

The latter remark seemed to have escaped him involuntarily, for he twitched and pursed up his lips as if determined to let nothing further escape from them. But my curiosity as well as interest was aroused.

"Monsieur, pardon my inquisitiveness, but are you acquainted, may I ask, with their family?"

"I am not, monsieur; nor with the ladies themselves."

A little twinkling of humor came into his eyes, doubtless at the thought of how he was unintentionally mystifying me. I felt somewhat piqued.

"I regret to hear it," I said. "For, to be frank with you, monsieur, I had hoped to obtain an introduction to these ladies."

He turned round then and looked full at me through his spectacles.

"My young friend," said he, gravely, "if I may be allowed to reply to you with equal frankness, I would advise you not to seek this acquaintance. It might not be to your advantage—nor theirs."

"But you said they were respectable—estimable?"

"Estimable? certainly, most certainly!" he replied, earnestly. "So far as I am informed they command the respect of all who know them."

"And their family—their father?"

"Their father"—he hesitated—"their father, I have heard, holds some public office which brings him a good revenue. An honest man, noted for his charities, and devoted to his daughters, upon whom he spends much money. They have a beautiful country home, I am told, with extensive gardens, in which they all take a great delight. They have also their own select circle of friends; but, as I remarked, monsieur, I happen to have heard that these ladies do not like to receive attention from strangers—that is, from people who do not know just who and what they are, and therefore, my young friend, I would again advise you not, under any circumstances, to seek their acquaintance."

This was said quite firmly; and as if to escape further conversation on the subject, my companion politely lifted his hat to me, and turned to address a passing acquaintance.

So I was to think no more of my fair friends of the island! Still, I haunted the beach, and continued occasionally to encounter them; but their avoidance of these meetings was so evident, that I dared not do what I had been boldly meditating—address them, and ask permission to accompany them in their walks. One thing, however, I ventured to do; I obtained a bouquet of choicest flowers, and sent it with a written word or two to Marie.

It was with a beating heart that I, on that same evening, took my usual walk up the beach. The ladies did not appear, but as I approached the cottage, I had a glimpse of a tall, elderly gentleman, with a mild face and iron-gray hair, entering at the door. He was plainly dressed in black, and had the appearance of an English clergyman.

I extended my walk far up the beach, hoping that perhaps on my return I might have a glimpse of Emilie and her sister on the cottage portico, or, perhaps, on the sands in the bright moonlight. But on returning in the course of an hour, I was only in time to see a carriage rolling away from the door; and then, as I reached the gate, a woman came out and hung up a placard, "Apartments to Let."

I stopped, as if to inquire about the rooms. They had been that hour vacated, the woman said, by two of the nicest of ladies. Their father, on his way to Paris, had stopped for them. Yes, that was their father—the tall gentleman in black. As to his name, she supposed it to be Le Blanc. That was the name his daughters went by. He had intended stopping a day or two to rest, but suddenly changed his mind, and they all went off at a day's notice. Would monsieur like to see the rooms?

After this I took little interest in remaining at St. Meure, and a week or two subsequent found me in Paris. I had business to keep me there; yet I often found myself glancing at the youthful faces that passed me on the streets, hoping to recognize among them that of Marie. Often, too, I speculated upon the mystery which apparently attached to these two sisters, wondering of what nature it could be. But as months passed on, my memory of them waxed less vivid, and there seemed little chance of our paths of life ever again meeting.

One day I was seated with a friend, a French medical student, on one of the benches of the Boulevard, idly smoking and watching the passers-by. Suddenly my friend said:

"Look! do you see that tall, gray-haired man in black, coming towards us?"

I glanced up and instantly recognized the person thus pointed out. It was the old gentleman whom I had once seen entering the door of the cottage at St. Meure, where my fair acquaintances, Emilie and Marie, lodged.

It was Marie's father.

"Who is he?" I inquired, eagerly.

"He is a man of mark. He is —"

Here my friend mentioned a name which I did not recognize.

"I thought his name was Le Blanc?" I said.

"Oh," with a smile, as he lazily blew off the smoke of his cigar, "that is the name by which he goes when he don't care to be recognized."

"But who, then, is he?"

"His name is what I told you. And if you do not recognize it, I must explain that he is what we French call Monsieur de Paris, and you English, Jack Ketch. In a word, he is the national hangman."

"SHOOTING" AN OIL WELL.

THERE is this peculiarity about oil wells, that one must be fully acquainted with the different methods employed in securing the oil before he can fully understand the use of the torpedo. Our illustration represents a scene where a torpedo, containing one hundred quarts of nitro-glycerine, was exploded in a well about one mile south of Titusville, Pa. It was shot at a depth of 580 feet. Hundreds of spectators had gathered to witness the event, and the utmost interest was manifested in the result. The torpedo, consisting of an elongated tin shell containing the deadly fluid, to which was attached a large percussion-cap, was lowered into the well to its bottom. When the signal was given and all the necessary preliminary arrangements had been completed, the person left in charge to manipulate the firing picked up a three-cornered iron piece termed a "go-devil," weighing about five or six pounds, and, for a moment poised it in the top of the casing (eight inches in diameter), in order to allow the weight to descend in a straight line, thus assuring a complete success of the trial, let go his hold and took to his heels. There was a moment's silence, and then the weight, increasing in momentum as it descended, struck the disk extending from the top of the shell, which in turn exploded a cap, the latter communicating its fire to the nitro-glycerine. Then there was heard a low, distant rumbling, which increased in volume, and was followed by a cloud of earth and debris, and these by a column of water and oil. This rose to a height of from six to eight feet, then descended, and again rose, sending a huge avalanche of waters fully 200 feet in the air. The picture, as

the waters broke into spray and fell far and wide, touched by the shimmer of the sunshine, was beautiful in the extreme. The cost of "shooting a well" to increase its production is less than one-half of the former prices charged, owing to the fact that the torpedoes used are no longer patented. Their chief use is to break the lower strata of oil-bearing rock, loosening the sand-beds, and producing a larger channel, thus giving the oil much freer egress. Shots vary in size from five to a hundred quarts, but it is very seldom that such a large shot as the latter is employed.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE FROM THE "L" ROAD.

NEW YORK and Brooklyn possess, in the elevated railroad system, an attraction for the sightseer and student of human nature which is absolutely unique. A flying trip in one of their swift-gliding, sharp-turning trains, say from the Battery to Harlem, is like a jaunt with tricky Puck, to

"—put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

For in about that time one may traverse the city from end to end, and witness, as if painted upon an unrolling canvas, the varying shades of misery and mirth, the contrasts of wealth and squalor, and all the manifold phases of life developed where a million human beings have crowded together and live. These we see in the streets below us, and through the windows of the second and third stories of the endless rows of houses which we pass in our rushing, steam-clouded flight. The people who dwell along the lines of the elevated railroads have become so accustomed to the coming and going of the trains every two or three minutes, night and day, that they regard them no more than the passing of the wind. They seldom take the trouble to close their shutters, and their domestic economy is exposed to the world as *passant* with a frankness quite alien to things seen from the windows of an elevated railroad car. "Don't count," the plotters plot, the thieves steal, the desperadoes fight, the lovers embrace, the dancers dance, the family dine together, the child kneels by its mother's chair for prayer and good-night kiss. Here we have a marriage ceremony; perhaps next door, a group of mourners around a coffin. Married life and single life, home joys and reckless dissipation, are strikingly, often ludicrously, contrasted. Pathos is mingled with absurdity and fun; and all dashes by in such swift and bewildering succession, that the observer scarcely knows whether to laugh, philosophize, commiserate, or wonder.

A QUAIN CONSTRUCTION-CAR.

THE Norfolk and Western Railroad, which traverses a very picturesque portion of the State of Virginia, possesses a construction-car of peculiar architecture, quite quaint enough in appearance to be in keeping with its constantly changing surroundings. One of our artists furnishes a picture of this interesting piece of railroad *bric-a-brac*. It has been evolved, by gradual stages, from an old freight-car. Windows and various furnishings have been "adapted" from superannuated passenger-coaches. The interior is fitted up with cots, racks, etc., forming a very cozy traveling house, in which reside the workmen making repairs along the road. Tools, rails and implements are banished to a supplementary car behind. On top of the freight-car domicile, set well to the front, is planted an ancient but luxurious cushioned chair—another relic of passenger traffic. Here sits the director of the workmen, keeping a sharp lookout for breaks or defective places on the track. His view is unobstructed, as the locomotive pushes the cars from behind, instead of drawing them. The brakeman is also stationed in front, below the lookout, and can instantly communicate with the engineer by means of a cord. The trips of this peculiar construction-train partake somewhat of the nature of pleasure excursions. Its apparition pleases the natives and astonishes strangers.

OCEAN SIGNAL STATIONS.

PROPOSED METEOROLOGICAL AND LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

TO those who go down unto the sea in ships the perils of the great deep are innumerable. With the introduction of steam as their motive power, the great fleet of vessels have multiplied so rapidly as to form an almost endless line of huge leviathans extending across the North Atlantic Ocean from the United States to Europe.

With the number of steamships plying between the two continents constantly increasing, the chances of collision have been greatly augmented.

Immunable codes of signaling and arbitrary rules and regulations for the guidance of the navigator have been devised, some of which serve their purpose in fair weather, but during thick or foggy weather the mariner is compelled to fall back upon the old and unreliable system which requires steamships to reduce their speed and to blow their steam-whistles, and sailing-vessels to sound the "fog-horn"; hence at the most critical moment there is nothing except the presence of mind, the exercise of good judgment and the display of seamanship upon the part of the commander to avert the impending collision, to which danger must be added the chances of other disasters, delays and anxieties arising from broken shafts, fires, and the various mishaps to the machinery of steamships, and the many other accidents so common to sailing-vessels.

A steamship sails for Europe, crowded with passengers. Under ordinary circumstances they expect to arrive at Liverpool or London certainly in the course of ten days; but accidents may, and frequently do, happen to the swift ocean racer. Sometimes, when a few days out, a broken shaft renders her motive power useless, and the worry and anxiety of the people of two continents begin and increase until a point of frenzy almost is reached before the news is received of her proceeding slowly under sail to her destination, or of her arrival in tow of some sister ship after a voyage of three times the usual length; or, as in the case of the *City of Boston*, of the *Imman Line*, nothing is ever known of her fate, until, after long weary months of waiting, the last faint hope of hearing from the loved ones is forever quenched; or of the *Atlantic*, of the *White Star Line*, losing her bearings, plunging madly on her way, only to carry death and destruction to hundreds of her passengers as she strikes the rocks off Sambro Light; or of the *Daniel Stebbins*—whose commander has become bewildered, having been unable to take an observation for over a week by reason of a dense fog—which dashes herself upon

the rocks, costing many valuable lives. And a long, dark list of similar disasters, only too well known, might be mentioned.

A large proportion of the sudden and destructive storms which burst upon the coasts of Europe and America, without warning, have their origin amid the dense mists on the banks of Newfoundland, where the warm currents of the Gulf Stream intermingle with the freezing waters of the Arctic. Comprehensive knowledge of the origin, course and nature of these storms will enable the Signal Service Bureaus to give ample warning to the inhabitants of both continents; to the mariner in port as well as at sea.

Such knowledge would enable the Signal Service

tion of ten or more circular vessels, built in a substantial manner to enable them to withstand the onslaughts of the heaviest seas, with an upper deck, convex in shape, from which arises a light iron framework, sustaining an electric arc light, the electricity being generated by dynamos in the usual manner, and fitted with lenses of the first order, the interior of the vessels being lighted by the incandescent system of electric lighting.

The iron framework will also contain the ventilating, smoke and steam pipes; ventilation being perfected by fanlike wheels placed within the pipes, supplying at all times an abundance of pure air.

Each vessel will be fitted with a number of

who died last year, was honored on the 17th ult. by the unveiling of a statue erected by public subscription at Derby, the borough represented by Mr. Bass in Parliament for thirty-five years. The statue is of bronze, over nine feet high, and stands in the market-place. Sir William Harcourt made a speech at the unveiling. No man, he said, needed a statue less than Mr. Bass, for Derby was full of the monuments of his munificence. He was a bountiful contributor to the Recreation Ground, the Free Baths, the Schools of Art, the Children's Hospital, the Infirmary, and, above all, the Railway Orphanage. His hand and his heart were open to all. He once said: "I have made a lot of money; I have had much pleasure in making it, but I have had much more pleasure in giving it away."

BRETON PEASANTS AT THE POLLS.

Our picture is from a sketch made in a French provincial hamlet, near Saint-Malo, on the 18th ult., the date of the supplementary elections. Elections have many features, in common the world over; but this scene, in the heart of Brittany, abounds in the typical and the picturesque. The sturdy peasants, clad in the costume peculiar to their province, drive up to the Mayor's office in every description of country vehicle, to accomplish their duty as citizens. The "workers" for the various candidates are present, as at our American elections, and their solicitations impart humor and animation to the scene.

IMPENDING WAR IN BURMAH.

The impending hostilities against Burmah have given an impetus to war preparations, for a month past, amongst the British subjects of Eastern India on the one hand, and the natives of King Thebaw's domain on the other. Our picture illustrates the manœuvres of the elephant battery at Tongo, which is of peculiar interest just now. Tongo is a town in the Tenasserim district of British Burmah, and its battery would take a leading part in any hostile operations. The nominal strength of a battery is placed at twenty-two elephants and four guns. These are disposed as follows: Four are attached to the guns, twelve carry the ammunition, four the artificers' tools, and two are kept in reserve for emergencies. Weekly parades are held, and the spectator is at once impressed with the thorough training and the readiness with which all orders are understood and obeyed. The swimming drill, which is also held weekly, is a most trying task for the mahout, and it is not uncommon to see an elephant back out of the water and take to the jungle with all possible speed, and only be induced to return after much trouble and persuasion.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

SINCE Germany adopted the policy of stimulating her industries, her merchants have astonished Europe by their enterprise and sagacity. German competition is already cutting deeply into even the screw-making trade of Birmingham itself.

An overcoat of paraffine and creosote has recently been put on the obelisk in Central Park, New York. Rains and frosts have not only done serious injury to this relic of antiquity, but to the modern stonework on the terraces, where the beautiful carvings show signs of premature decay.

It is said that Mr. Parnell is at work on an Irish Constitution. The lines on which the scheme is drawn are a modification of Grattan's Parliament, so as to meet the democratic progress of the age. The Irish leader will propose to abolish the House of Lords, and that the new Parliament shall have a single chamber, having power over all purely Irish affairs, with some kind of veto reserved for England. The Lord Lieutenant is to be abolished. The Imperial matters, such as the Army, Navy, and national defense, are to be left in charge of the English House of Commons, but the English Parliament is to have no power to make or alter the laws of Ireland.

A REMARKABLE statement forwarded to the War Department recently by Colonel Bradley, of the Thirteenth Infantry, has now been repeated to a reporter in Texas by Lieutenant Day, of the Ninth Cavalry, who has been following Geronimo and his band for five months. It is that many of the outrages committed in New Mexico and Arizona, and heretofore supposed to have been the work of Apaches, were in all probability committed by white men in disguise. Colonel Bradley reported that a party of these "rustlers" disguised as Indians was found in the mountains by Lieutenant Cecil. Lieutenant Day is of the opinion that disguised white men have plundered many ranches in the two Territories. These statements tend to account for the fact that the number of Apaches who left the reservation falls far below the number of savages reported to be at large in that region.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 2d.—In Detroit, Mich., the Rev. Theophilus Anciaux, pastor of St. Anne's Church, aged 56 years. November 3d.—In Philadelphia, Pa., Joseph B. Shepard, a successful merchant, aged 65 years; in Orange County, Fla., General Joseph J. Finegan, a distinguished ex-Confederate officer, aged 70 years; in Brooklyn, William James Mackey, compiler of the well-known "A-B-C Guide," aged 47 years; in New York, Jonas Strauss, a well-known merchant, and one of the founders of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, aged 70 years. November 4th.—In Utica, N. Y., ex-President Samuel Gilman Brown of Hamilton College, aged 70 years; in London, England, Robert Thorburn, the celebrated miniature-painter, aged 67 years; in Brooklyn, William Smythe, for over forty years connected with the New York Herald, aged 65 years; in Scotland, the Rev. Dr. William Robinson Pirie, Crown Principal and Vice-chancellor of the University of Aberdeen. November 5th.—In New York, Thomas W. Timpson, one of the founders of the National News Co., aged 58 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., James M. Ferguson, senior member of the publishing-house of Ferguson Bros. & Co., and President of the Board of Port Wardens, aged 52 years; in Pittsburg, Pa., Alexander Laughlin, President of the Laughlin Iron Works. November 6th.—In New York, Joseph Britton, formerly a prominent business man and politician, aged 86 years; in Brooklyn, Thomas W. Newman, formerly editor of the Portland (Me.) Daily Advertiser; in Avondale, O., Miles Greenwood, a pioneer citizen of Cincinnati; in Harrisonburg, Va., the Hon. Robert Johnston, Judge of the County Court, aged 69 years; in Canfield, O., Judge Eben Newton, the oldest member of the Bar in Ohio, aged 91 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. BLAINE'S Washington house is leased at \$11,000 a year.

JOHN S. WISE made seventy speeches during his recent campaign in Virginia.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER celebrated, on the 5th inst., the sixty-seventh anniversary of his birth.

SENATOR DON CAMERON has returned from California to his home at Harrisburg, much improved in health.

M. BLOUET (Max O'Rell), having done up "John Bull and his Ireland," proposes a visit to Brother Jonathan and his continent.

LORD TENNYSON is now president of the London Library, which is so marked a favorite with English scholars and literary magnates.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has resigned the presidency of the Royal Society on account of ill-health. He will be succeeded by Professor Stokes.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND went from Washington to Buffalo to vote the Democratic State ticket. Those citizens who so often neglect their political duties may study his example with profit.

GENERAL McCLELLAN's mother is still alive, in her eighty-fifth year. His family are well provided for, as he has been in receipt of about \$60,000 a year for several years.

FERDINAND WARD may one day claim that he has "done the State some service," for New York is receiving fifty-six cents a day for the ex-finance minister's work as a fitter of rough stove-castings.

"EXTRA BILLY" SMITH shook the frost of ninety Winters from his gray locks in a Virginia court the other day, and eloquently showed the young lawyers of sixty years or so how their better could argue a case.

M. BARTHOLDI, the sculptor of the statue of Liberty, arrived in New York last week. He will superintend the unpacking of the statue, and will then explain to the persons in charge the method of putting together the joints.

MR. HAWES, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says that a certain clergyman and his assistant, whom he heard in New York, "unlike many of our own clergy, are perfectly audible and gifted with a natural and unaffected way of speaking and preaching."

MRS. ARTHUR ORTON, wife of the Tichborne claimant, is dead, and a minor figure disappears from the stage whereon the greatest drama of its kind has been played. As for the worthy baronet, the claimant himself, he is living quietly at Sheerness, preparing the history of his life.

EX-SENATOR SHARON of California, in anticipation of death, last week made a division of his property, amounting, it is said, to \$6,000,000, among his children and grandchildren. He earnestly declared that in the Hill litigation he had been the victim of a conspiracy, and that the marriage contract was a forgery.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPRESS has had a splendid hunting palace built in the forests of Schoenbrunn that is described as a marvel of luxurious decoration. Its architecture is that of the modern renaissance period. Steps of white Italian marble lead to the Empress's rooms on the second story, upon which the best painters of the Empire have lavished their art. Makart planned the bedroom-frescoing.

A COMPLIMENTARY banquet, tendered by the Lincoln (colored) Club of Connecticut to George W. Cable, the novelist, last week, was largely attended by representative colored men of that and other States, as well as by leading State officials, clergymen, manufacturers and merchants. The banquet was intended as an expression of appreciation of Mr. Cable's recent magazine articles concerning the colored people.

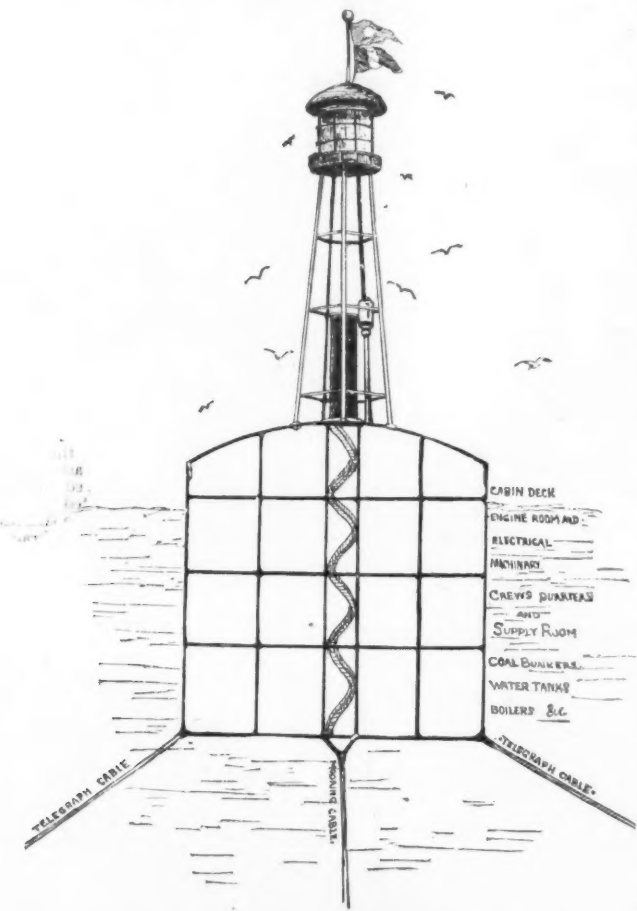
SENATOR LELAND STANFORD, of California, proposes to deed in trust his three immense ranches, known as Vina, Gridley and Palo Alto, for the endowment of a university and schools about to be erected at Palo Alto. The three ranches comprise 85,000 acres, and together represent a value of \$3,500,000. It is Senator Stanford's intention to make this institution the best in this country or Europe, and the ablest professors will be secured both at home and abroad.

MINNIE HAUKE, who met with an enthusiastic reception upon her reappearance as *Carmen* at the Academy of Music, in New York, last week, set a good example to her fellow-artists by refusing to interrupt the performance in order to receive flowers over the footlights. She says: "I think it is time to put a stop to the flower nuisance, and many people agree with me. A little applause from a pleased audience is to me of far greater value than a mountain of flowers."

THE last thing at which General McClellan worked on the day of his death was an account of the battle of Antietam. He was preparing a series of articles for a leading magazine, and the first of them was to be on Antietam. It was not finished. When he died, there protruded numerous pages of manuscript from between the leaves of a book lying on his table. The book was an authority the general had been consulting, and the manuscript was the half-written article on his most famous battle.

M. JULES CLARETIE, who has been appointed to succeed the late M. Perrin at the important post of Director of the Comédie Française, is one of the most accomplished of the living French journalists, writers and dramatists. Essentially a Parisian, he took as a journalist but little interest in personages or events outside of his beloved city and its citizens; but some of the most nobly appreciative and sympathetic articles that were written respecting General Grant during our great ex-President's visit to France in 1878-79 were penned by Jules Claretie. He has always had, too, a kindly word for American ladies.

MR. JOHN TYNDALL, the scientist, has declined to stand as a Parliament candidate. In his letter of declination, he bitterly assails Mr. Gladstone as responsible for "the work of blood in the Sudan," and the "abandonment of Gordon to death and mutilation." Mr. Gladstone has also been assailed in an election speech by Archdeacon George A. Denison, M.A., a well-known controversialist of the hot-headed and contentious sort. In his speech he said: "I have known Mr. Gladstone forty-five years, but I would not trust him with a brass farthing. The Whigs nightly before sleeping express the hope that something will happen to Mr. Gladstone before morning." Somebody in the crowd at this point cheered for Mr. Gladstone, and Archdeacon Denison retorted: "You might as equally cheer for the devil."



LIGHTSHIP, SHOWING THE POSITION OF CABIN-DECK, ETC.

Bureau to raise their average of correct predictions to 95 per cent.

A system of signal, life-saving and lighthouse stations, to extend along the course of the trans-Atlantic ferry, has been devised by Mr. Frederick A. Cloudman, the well-known meteorologist and electrician, of Rondout, N. Y., which is intended, first, to collate and forward daily meteorological observations from fixed stations in the North Atlantic Ocean to the Signal Service and Weather Bureaus of England and America, for the benefit of science, commerce and agriculture; second, to aid the passengers and crews of wrecked or distressed vessels in mid-ocean, by reporting their condition, extending to them a haven of refuge, and aiding them in many other ways; third, to report the progress and condition of all the ships engaged in trans-Atlantic trade, and causing their position to be almost constantly known; keeping them fully informed as to the location of stray icebergs, icefields and other obstacles to successful navigation.

The feasibility of the plan as devised may be said to rest upon two well-known and undisputed

vessel to swing without fouling; the mooring cable being a light steel cable, recently devised, which allows a vessel to anchor with two or three miles of water between her and the bottom of the ocean.

The location of these stations being in fixed and known latitudes and longitudes, and being numbered by day and carrying distinguishing lights at night for identification, the variation of the compass, the rating of chronometers and the verification of the navigator's reckoning would be an easy matter, and the dangers of navigation will be greatly lessened.

The value of such a system to science and commerce cannot be overestimated.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

RELIEF OF THE CHOLERA SUFFERERS AT PALERMO.

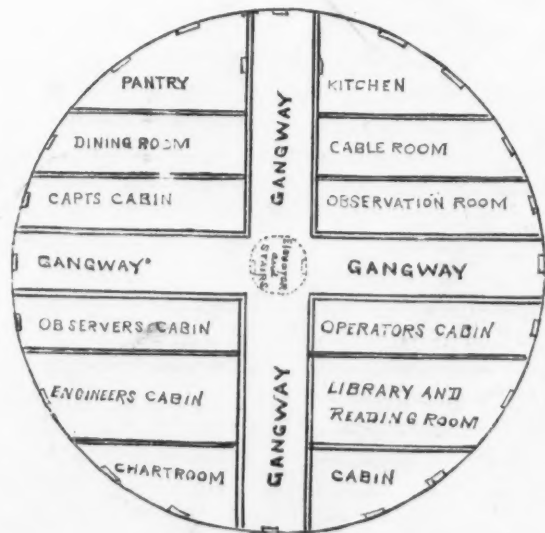
Palermo, which suffered more from the cholera epidemic during the past summer than any of the other Italian cities, has maintained since the beginning of October the charitable institution represented in our picture. It is a large central station for the distribution of food and clothing, at scarcely more than nominal prices, to families left in distress by the plague. Its situation is in the "new market" of the Piazza degli Aragoni, which, to suit the genial climate of Palermo, is inclosed only by low walls with open arches. In addition to this charity, there is an asylum for children orphaned by the cholera.

DR. STRANSKY.

Dr. Stransky, the Roumelian Liberal statesman, who has played an important part in the recent *coup d'état*, is still comparatively young, and was not known among his compatriots before the Turco-Russian war of 1877-78. He was born in Philippopolis in 1849. Dr. Stransky had just finished his studies at Vienna at the time of the elaboration of the organic statute which proclaimed Eastern Roumelia an autonomous province, and he was called to direct the Department of Finances. He also had a dispute with the Ottoman Post Office Department on the subject of stamps—an affair which assumed formidable proportions, and nearly led to political complications. From his intimate relations with the leaders of the committee of the Bulgarian union at Sofia, Dr. Stransky became the dominating spirit of the movement in Philippopolis. Having, with his compatriot Gueschoff, overthrown the power of the Turkish Governor, Gavril-Pasha, he was shortly afterwards nominated Provisional Governor of Roumelia by Prince Alexander, who, more recently, has appointed him Minister of the Interior of Bulgaria.

THE BASS MEMORIAL AT DERBY.

The memory of the late Michael Thomas Bass, the well-known and munificent English brewer,

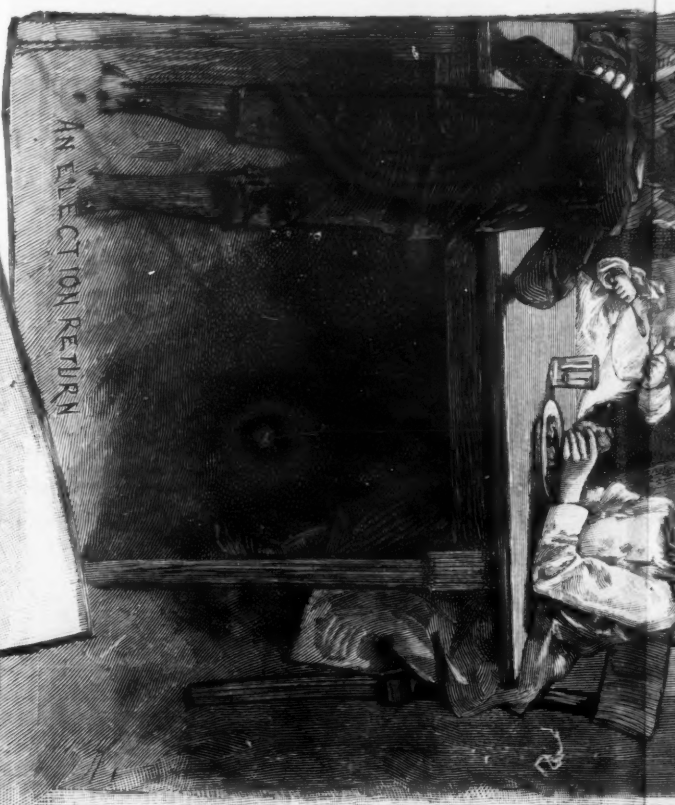


GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR OF VESSEL.

facts, i. e., that a lightship will ride safely, at anchor, without protection, in the heaviest of seas and severest gales, and that electrical communication may be maintained between the most distant points by means of a submarine cable.

In the proposed plan, these facts are utilized in a manner which not only defines the track across the ocean, but affords means of relief to distressed navigators; provides means of instant communication between the great fleet of steamships and the whole world, and enables scientists to obtain accurate knowledge and data of this vast area of hitherto inaccessible region, so far as authentic and frequent observations are concerned.

The plan consists principally of the construc-



NIGHT SCENES IN THE METROPOLIS.—SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER FROM THE PLATFORM OF AN ELEVATED RAILWAY TRAIN.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 198.



A DECLARATION OF LOVE



WITH A MOTHER'S BLESSING



A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE



A Husband of the Period; OR, A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER X.

AND they are really coming! Philip Gay's treacherous heart gave a throb of mingled pleasure and pain as he realized that at last the prize for which he had planned and sinned was almost his. He went to consult the Prophet, who had already given him much invaluable advice concerning the way he should proceed with his Gentile wife.

"Now, Brother Gay," he said, solemnly, "you must not hesitate longer about making a public avowal of our faith. To-morrow there is to be a baptism of converts. You had better prepare yourself for sanctification, or it will be impossible for you to enter the Endowment House. You are aware that polygamous marriages are only allowed to those who are justified by faith, and only celebrated in the Endowment House."

Philip bowed.

"I will think the matter over," he said, and then proceeded on his way.

Brigham Young gazed after him with a peculiar smile on his crafty face.

"He wishes to enjoy our privileges without committing himself," he meditated; "but he will find that one of the impossibilities. Either for or against, is the doctrine of this valley; our institution would not stand long on any other principle."

Philip went to his office to think the matter over. Wicked as he was, he still had a spark of shame left, and it blazed up now at the idea of going to his wife, who would have had the sympathy of any Christian husband, and telling her that he was about to take upon himself the vows of the Mormon Church.

Yet Verona was coming—beautiful Verona—and no sacrifice was too hard to win and possess her for his own. If one heart must break, it certainly should not be that of the peerless girl who was willing to leave her home and seek him across the water. At that moment he forgot the fair one who had saved his life to blast hers, who had given into his hand wealth, and into his life the devotion of a true and pure heart. Once the corrupting influence of the degrading Mormon Church gets possession of any man, his manhood is killed; shame is laid away for ever.

For the poor deluded creatures who are brought across the water; who come from underground mines; from cold, frozen countries; who have no education; who have been brought up in superstition, and even worse; who are lured here by hopes of a home where they may enjoy God's sunshine and a fireside of their own, there are many excuses to be made. They come under the leadership of stronger, craftier minds than their own, and the argument is used that if the United States believed Mormonism to be the crime and curse that some profess, they would abolish it. Peaceably and by legislative means, if possible; by gun and sword, if no other alternative presented. "No, stranger," they argued; "Congress is lukewarm because they do not object to the practice. They wink their eyes and make a sound, but there is no real meaning in their words"; and the ignorant stranger, who perhaps speaks our language very imperfectly, listens and believes. For such there is much to be offered in extenuation of their embracing the Mormon creed; but for men like Philip Gay, born and educated where Christianity casts her light, there is no apology to be made. No argument that he presented to his own mind of the lack of zeal shown by State or Church to terminate the disgraceful, licentious sect that has grown up in our midst justified him in the course he was about to pursue.

He started homeward very slowly after he left his office.

Muriel was watching for his coming, and her face brightened at his approach.

To her, the mighty mountain-tops that hemmed them in, clothed with their shroud of shining snow, was a depressing sight. Utah was so distasteful to her, that even the scenery, which some professed to be so inspiring, saddened her; yet she bravely offered no complaint, made no sign of the intense weariness she suffered, but smiled as cheerfully as ever when Philip was near.

The cloud that lowered over her was prophetic of the evil that was soon to fall, but she still struggled to throw it off.

Philip entered, and as he was removing his wrap, she glanced around and thought how he had tried to surround her with every luxury that she had been accustomed to in her old home. It was true, though it all came out of her own money, and was not always designed purposely to give her pleasure, as she had supposed. Of late he had added many things to their home to beautify and improve it, and as he marked the effect, Verona shone as the gorgeous rose in its midst.

"You are late, Philip," she observed. "I do hope you will not neglect your own health in your haste for fame."

She spoke lightly, for they often joked about his pursuit of fame, and likened him to the grand old Greek heroes who devoted their lives to winning laurels.

He ate his dinner in silence, only responding to her remarks in monosyllables. She was accustomed to his varying moods, for she had discovered, as many another has done, that the most brilliant man in company is not always the most congenial companion in private. Still she was not prepared for the expression that disfigured

his brow when he said, as they arose from the table:

"Come into my library for a few moments. I have something I wish to consult you about, where the servants will not be liable to intrude."

She preceded him into the apartment, passed over to the brightly burning fire, and gave it a little stir.

"Now, Philip," she exclaimed, lightly, "unburden your mind. Have stocks depreciated in value, or has our dream of political preferment dissolved like a bubble?"

He gazed at her, half in anger, half in sadness. Why should she make so fair a picture in the fire-light to distract his mind from the serious subject which he wished to consider?

"Muriel," he commenced, huskily, conscious that she would not be deceived by his supposed conversion, and already angry that she was not so easily to be duped, "I am meditating a most solemn thing."

She turned to him, amazement written on every line of her fair face.

"I have considered it for a long time. I have been converted—I am to be baptized into the Mormon Church to-morrow."

She threw up her hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Philip!"

For the space of a moment not a sound was heard; it was as the stillness of death.

"Are you sane, Philip?" she queried, in a quivering voice when the silence became oppressive.

"I am sane."

How cold and harsh his voice sounded; what a contrast to the dulcet tones when he implored her on Severn Rock to take the life she had saved!

"It cannot be too late to dissuade you," she ejaculated, impetuously. "Philip, surely your love for me is not dead so soon! It seems only yesterday that I tried to save your precious life, and you cannot so soon have forgotten me! Oh, Philip, my dear husband, I beg of you, take time to consider well the step you propose. You may be blinded by thinking that taking the vows of the most unholy order of Mormons upon you may hasten the way to power, but you cannot cherish in your heart one atom of respect or belief in their nefarious doctrines. Philip, I pray you stop and consider."

She approached him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"I have had ample time to consider," he responded, doggedly, "and I see nothing to condemn. You are the one that is blinded. The infernal two-faced action of the East has cast a glamour over your eyes. People are happy here; happier than where they make so many professions. You are the only drawback to my happiness."

She drew back like one stabbed to the heart.

"Philip!"

"Wait! You interrupted me," he continued, "and misunderstood the purport of my words. I meant, you were a drawback because I could not be perfectly happy while you did not enjoy with me the same religious belief. Don't let this divide us, Muriel! Be guided by me. Come and be baptized to-morrow. Let me feel your hand when I go down in the water."

She staggered back, her face cold and white. Then she sat down, unable to bear her weakness longer without support.

"Philip, am I dreaming? Do you mean that this is to be our home for ever?—that the hellish doctrine that degrades woman below the level of the beasts has really and truly taken possession of your soul?"

Philip flashed up under her biting words, but he was determined to keep his temper under control, and try to win her over to accompany him. If she would only take the first step, all would be well.

"I make all allowance for you, Muriel," he said, in a softened tone. "It is your education that is to blame. You have not mingled with the Mormon people as I have done, and are prejudiced. Surely, my dear, you ought to have confidence in my judgment, and be guided by my wishes."

"Not in affairs pertaining to my conscience, Philip," she responded, firmly. "I think you are blinded and going astray. I cannot go with you."

For a moment silence fell between them again, but Muriel broke it.

"For the sake of the love you bore me, Philip, take more time to consider," she pleaded.

More time to consider, and Verona coming as fast as steam could bring her!

"I have considered. To-morrow, with you, if you will go, without you, if you persist in your refusal. I take upon myself the vows that make me a part of this people."

Muriel buried her face in her hands, and shivered like one shaken by the ague. At that moment she believed her anguish complete; she had yet to learn that this was but the first drop of the draught prepared for her lips. Without another word Philip arose and walked from the room. The ice was broken, the initiatory step taken, and he breathed freer.

"She will get over it better alone," he thought, and then he felt angered that she should set her conscience against his wishes. "I can see that old doctor in every thought," he continued, savagely, "underneath all her gentleness."

For long hours Muriel sat where he left her—sat trying to understand what he had said and meant.

"How can he be so blinded!" she mused, bitterly. "How treat me so cruelly! Oh, what a wicked, wicked religion, that can so utterly change and harden a man's heart!"

Philip left the house, and did not return for long hours. When he did, he seemed to be in a more softened mood.

"I cannot tell you how unhappy it makes me to see you so inconsolable," he said to her in the lover-like tones he knew so well how to

assume. "I realize it must be a shock to you, and for that reason I have delayed telling you until the last moment. But, Muriel, when I spoke, you urged your conscience as a reason that you could not follow my steps. Do you think, then, that it is right for you to seek to persuade me from the course that my conscience warns me is right?"

For an instant she met his eye.

"If it is your conscience that urges you on, Philip," she responded, solemnly, as one who pronounces a death sentence, "I would be the last to seek to turn you astray. But, dearest, how can conscience lead you in such a perverted path, so far from anything you ever believed in during your childhood?"

"During my childhood I did not think for myself, Muriel."

"If you ever had a home and mother it would have been different with you, Philip," she replied. "Then the sacred tie that binds families together would not seem so light. Only a wife has not penetrated so deeply in your heart."

"What nonsense you are talking!" he exclaimed. "A mother could never have been to me any dearer than you have been."

The subject was dropped between them, and during the long hours of the night the unhappy wife tried to persuade herself that it was Philip's conscience that urged him on; and in that thought she found a measure of hope. When he came to see the evil in all its naked horrors he would turn back from the religion in disgust. Now he was under the influence of such men as the false Prophet, who naturally kept all the nefarious portion of their practices hidden from a hoped-for convert.

No idea that polygamy was the motive that led to his conversion ever dawned upon her. That phase of Mormonism must be as repugnant to him as to her.

On the following morning Philip dressed himself with care. After breakfast in a most unusual silence, he observed:

"I am not to hope that you have relented yet, Muriel?"

"I am not yet converted, Philip," was the response, her eyes suddenly filling with the tears she was bravely trying to suppress.

"Then good-by," getting up hastily, and giving her a cold kiss. He stepped into the hall, took down his hat and coat, donned them, and proceeded up the street.

She watched him from the window, with a deathly sinking at her heart; no deeper anguish could have tortured her had it been his corpse moving slowly to the grave.

"We shall never be so happy again!" she murmured, prophetically. "Oh, cursed ambition that brought us here!"

After the solemn ceremonies were over, Philip went to the telegraph office, and sent a dispatch to the hotel at St. Louis where Brother Smith always lodged on his way to Utah. It consisted of the simple words:

"Welcome! welcome! welcome!"

CHAPTER XI.

SUCH simple words! And yet when Brother Smith carried them in to the tired pilgrim, they were received almost as a direct communication from heaven! Verona clasped them to her heart—pressed them to her lips in her abandonment of joy.

"It brings me nearer, nearer!" she cried, pathetically. "Ever since we have been traveling so far, and the monotonous rhythm of the water, and the wildly whirling whizz of the steam-engine sounding in my ears, I almost believed that I should never, never find him!"

Elder Smith sighed. How true she was to nature! She acted on the impulse of the moment, and each new impulse only more clearly developed some new charm. What a shame so lovely a flower was to be sealed to the young convert! All the way over he had been reading to her and explaining the beauties of the new religion, the only truth known to man; and she, poor child, knowing nothing, with a quick, passionate nature, susceptible to any influence brought to bear upon her, became a most devout believer. Yet the crafty Apostle withheld from her the two points that would have interested her the most. He never by word or look intimated that it was at the dearly beloved Zion that Philip awaited her, or that polygamous marriages were the most distinctive feature of the revealed religion.

Milk is the only fit nourishment for babes. She was young yet in the faith, and must be dealt with gently.

Day by day they journeyed on, and day by day they drew nearer to the holycity. It was not now the tedious journey across the plains, and by trails, as in the preceding years. The railway had done away with that; and yet the journey was long enough. When they first came within sight of Salt Lake City the sun shone upon the mountain-peaks, lighting them up with a splendor almost divine. The Elder called Verona's attention to the grandeur of the scene, and she clasped her hands in pure delight.

"Almost like my beloved Italy!" she sighed, for the fire of her artist father burned strong in her breast, and everything beautiful kindled an exquisite joy.

"That," said the Elder, emphatically, "is our Zion, the home of the Saints, the dwelling-place of your lover."

Verona arose up in her seat. Her cheeks paled, her lips trembled, as she gazed on the grand scene.

"Zion and my beloved!" she murmured.

The Apostle took Verona directly to his house, and then dispatched a boy (he had ten of his own) to Philip's office. It had been considered the most expedient course for the Elder to pursue. It was best that Mr. Gay should meet and talk over matters privately with his affianced.

Only one Mrs. Smith had greeted her, and carried her to the apartment which was set aside for her use until she was sealed to Brother Gay. She hastily removed the dust of travel, and brightened her toilet to be in readiness to meet her beloved.

Philip scarcely gave the child time to deliver his message. "They have come!" he cried, joyfully; and catching his hat, hastened to the Elder's residence.

The Apostle met him. Philip wrung his hand warmly.

"I shall not forget this service!" he exclaimed.

"I have done a good work, Brother Gay! I have converted her to our faith—all but the part which relates to spiritual wives. That I have left for you to interpret to her."

Again Philip shook his hand, and then passed to the apartment where Verona awaited in tremulous eagerness his approach. He tapped on the door, and she opened it. The deceived and deceiver stood face to face!

He opened his arms, and she rushed into them. He pressed passionate kisses on her warm face, and murmured loving names into her ears. For the time being his wife was completely forgotten.

Verona looked at him fondly.

"The way has been long, my beloved," she said, softly, "but it has brought me to you!"

"And you were glad to come, my darling?" he queried.

"I was glad to come—oh, so very glad, Philip! What can I ever do to repay you for your goodness to me?"

"I will tell you by-and-by; will you have love enough to prove your devotion, I wonder?"

Since Muriel had been so difficult to manage, he began to fear that the impetuous Verona might be even more so.

"Only try my devotion, Philip!" she ejaculated. "I will follow you to death itself."

The Elder came to the door.

"Brother Gay, shall I send word to your home that you will dine with me to-night?" he queried.

Philip colored visibly. It was a reminder of Muriel, and he had not given her a thought since he entered the room. It would be the first time he had been absent from dinner since they had come to Salt Lake City, and he concluded it would be wiser to write a note than to trust to his wife questioning the messenger.

So he drew a notebook from his pocket, and indited thereon:

"MURIEL—I shall not be home to-night for dinner. Elder Smith has just returned from Europe, and I wish to talk to him on special business. Do not wait up for me."

PHILIP.

"I thank you, Elder, for your kind invitation, and will avail myself of it," he observed, passing him the note. "Please have it delivered."

He almost said "to my wife," but bethought himself of what a fatal mistake that might be, and restrained himself in time. If poor Muriel could only have known what the special business was that detained him, she would have prayed for a loving Father to close her eyes for all time.

After the door closed, Verona told Philip of all that had occurred to her, touching on the meeting she had attended with old Thomas, and her recognition of the Apostle when he came to see her.

"Oh, Philip," she added, "I learned to love the religion of the Saints, and longed to become one of them; but I was afraid that I never could be, for I did not believe gentlemen like you would care for the home of the Saints. I know my dear father never cared much for anything of the kind. Then the Elder, to whom I told all that was in my heart, never said anything as to our destination, or that you were here, until the glorious sun shone on the hills beyond. Oh, the joy I felt then, my Philip! I was almost willing to die with ecstasy!"

"My dear child! my sweet child!" Philip cried, passionately, clasping her to his heart in a transport of joy; "if you only knew what joy, and yet what pain, your words give me!"

"What pain, Philip?" she questioned. "Tell me how not to pain you."

She raised his hand and kissed it, and he felt how good such rare devotion was.

"You have not asked me what I have done since I left you," he said; "nor yet do you know all of the truths revealed by the holy Prophet."

He stopped for a moment. It was not the most easy thing in the world to tell to a woman he had sent for across the water that he was a married man, and that he had deliberately deceived her from first to last. A man born and bred within the Church might not have the delicate scruples that possessed one who had been reared without its pale.

She was watching every changing expression of his face, and, coward that he was, he wished now that he had not quite yet started on this dangerous subject; still the moments were flying, and at dinner she might be presented to several of the Elder's wives. An explanation was necessary.

"I have been baptized into the Mormon Church," he commenced.

"Oh, I am so glad that you are one of God's chosen people!" he ejaculated.

"Did the Elder explain to you how this religion came to be revealed to men?" he questioned, the lawyer instinct of cross-questioning the witness coming uppermost.

"Yes, indeed. He told me how the hiding-place of the plates was revealed to Joseph Smith; how he translated them, and determined to follow God's commands at any sacrifice. How few worshippers there were at first, but how they soon built up a community of peaceful, loving souls, who created a beautiful city, Nauvoo; that the Gentiles persecuted them, even as they had Christ before them, and drove them out into the wilderness. They went faithfully, in poverty and sickness, such as would break a heart of stone to contemplate. That it was a trial of their faith, and they were rewarded by the home of plenty they soon found in this beloved Zion!"

Her eyes shone, her lips were wreathed in smiles. She was a faithful, happy believer.

"Did he tell you of the visions that were given to the chosen Prophets?" he asked, desiring that she would pursue the subject until he could find a favorable opening to inform her of the sacred dogma of plurality of wives.

"Yes; he told me how God visited first Joseph, and now Brigham Young. How beautiful it must be to live here and know that God is really watching you day by day, and making His will known so often! I wonder everybody does not want to come here to live!"

He caught her to his heart and kissed her again; she was so lovely while the excitement was flushing her cheeks and softening the light in her eyes. A beautiful devotee!

"He told you of the patriarchs of old?"

This question was put very doubtfully.

"He made me read about them," she responded; "and I really was ashamed. I never read the Bible before in my life! You know," she added, apologetically, "I never had a mother, and my father did not care for such things."

"Neither had I a mother," he observed. "And now I must tell you what Elder Smith evidently did not. In all respects, this is a community such as delighted God"—he winced as he used the sacred name to aid him in his nefarious scheme—"in olden time. The Brothers are patriarchs. They are rewarded in the world beyond according to the way they have fulfilled His commands here. If a man has only one wife, he cannot enjoy much glory. If a woman is not married, or is not willing that her husband should fulfill his duty faithfully, she can only become a servant in the future, to minister to her husband and the women who were faithful."

Verona had been listening intently.

"I do not believe I understand you, Philip," she exclaimed. "Do you mean that more than one wife is allowed here?"

"Certainly!"

She sprang to her feet; he trembled—evidently a crisis was coming.

"And Elder Smith?"

He breathed freer.

"Has five."

"Has five, and never mentioned it to me!"

There was on each cheek a red spot that did not betoken peace.

"He is only obeying the Divine commands," Philip urged.

"Are all men supposed to marry more than one woman?" she demanded.

"If they live up to their profession," he responded.

"I can't understand it!" she cried, indignantly. "It does not appear right! I don't believe it is right!"

"Would it be urged by the Almighty if wrong?" he questioned, craftily.

"I don't know. I—"

At that moment the dinner was announced, and Philip started up.

"Come, Vee."

He led poor bewildered, wrathful Vee out to the dining-room, where the Elder and his wives were awaiting him.

"My dear Miss Verona," he said, blandly, "let me present you to my dear wives, the jewels in my crown."

Vee looked from one to the other, bowed, and then sat down in silence. Her eyes were full; she thought she was suffocating.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILADELPHIA NOVELTIES EXPOSITION.

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EXHIBITS.

THE exhibition of Novelties by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, which has just closed, proved in all respects a success and a most suggestive collection of American inventive genius. In this paper we illustrate several of the most important and distinctive exhibits, each of which represents some new discovery in science or some great industry. The most conspicuous object in the picture is the frozen fountain, produced by one of the De La Vergne machines, and which proved one of the chief attractions of the Exhibition. The fountain consists of iron pipe-coils wound in such a manner that they form cylindrical sections, the largest at the bottom, and the smallest at the top. The largest cylinder has a diameter of eight feet, and the total height of the structure is about twenty feet. Through these pipes a cold brine, kept at a temperature of about ten degrees Fahrenheit, by the cooling power of the machine, is circulated. The surface of these pipes being thus chilled to a temperature some twenty degrees below the freezing point of water, will condense and freeze the moisture contained in the atmosphere and form a coating of snow-white frost, which gradually increasing in thickness, covers up all the spaces between the coils, ultimately giving the structure the appearance of a solid mass of snow-covered ice. In some places this snow will melt slightly, as soon as a current of warm air strikes it, but in running down and coming into contact with colder parts of the coils, it will freeze again, producing streaks of perfectly clear ice. The capacity of the machine which produced this mass of ice and snow is rated at four tons of ice per day, or, in other words, its cooling power is equal to the melting of four tons of ice every twenty-four hours. It has to be kept running day and night, for as soon as it stops its cold-producing power ceases, and it would take but a few hours to melt the snow off the pipe-coils.

At the right-hand side, facing the machine, is to be found the so-called brine-pump, the object of which is to circulate the salt brine (which by-the-way, only freezes at a temperature below zero) through the fountain coils, from where, after absorbing heat from the warm air surrounding it, it returns to the cooling-tank, located in the gallery, directly over the machine. In this tank it is re-cooled by the evaporation of liquid ammonia within iron pipes. The ammonia-vapors are sucked out of these coils by the ammonia-gas pumps, compressed by them into the condenser-coils, which are also located on the gallery, right

in front of the brine-tank. Cold water flowing over these coils will result in the cooling and liquefaction of the gas, thus making it again ready for the process of evaporation and consequent cooling. It will be seen that the refrigerating agent is always used over and over again. In fact, the whole object of the machine is to save this costly material. If it were so cheap that it would not pay to compress and liquefy it again, it might be let off into the atmosphere or absorbed in water, and the apparatus for utilizing its cooling power would perhaps cost not more than one hundredth part of the present complicated machine. In addition to the fountain, the company freeze the name "De La Vergne" right over their machines.

The display of the Celluloid Manufacturing Company, which was one of the features of the Exhibition, is also illustrated. Celluloid is a hard, durable, thoroughly homogeneous material, plastic under heat, and which can be cut or turned with ordinary tools. It is made from cellulose, or the woody fibre of plants, the more familiar forms of which we daily see in the shape of cotton, flax, etc. These fibres are treated with chemicals until they are rendered capable of being dissolved in such solvents as alcohol, ether, spirits of camphor, etc. It is then ground up with an addition of coloring matter, the solvents added, and rolled into large rough sheets, something of the consistency and appearance of sole leather. It is then ready to be formed by special patented machines into the various forms of commerce, such as rods varying from the size of a thread up to three or four inches in diameter, and tubes of all sizes, and sheets, the thinnest of which require one thousand to make an inch in thickness.

This manufacture is carried on by the Celluloid Manufacturing Company of Newark, N. J., who are the sole owners of the numerous patents taken out in this country and abroad to cover the processes, machinery and various applications of which this wonderful material is capable. Their exhibition was a revelation to those who are not familiar with the great variety of uses to which celluloid is put. It enters into an infinite number of articles for use and ornament, among which are brushes, combs, hand-mirrors, jewelry, cork-screws, card and soap cases, powder-boxes, pen-knives, paper-knives, thimbles, chessmen, checkers, shoe-hooks and horns, napkin-rings, glove-stretchers, parasols, umbrellas and cane handles; mouth-pieces for pipes, collars and cuffs, knife-handles for table cutlery, keys for pianos, organs and musical instruments and organ stops; martingale rings and harness trimmings, white and colored letters for signs, stereotype plates to print from, billiard and pool balls, trusses and surgical instruments, frames for eye-glasses, etc.; plates for false teeth, emery wheels, whip-handles, carriage-mountings, corset-clasps, dress-studs, etc.; moldings for show-cases and decorated wood, etc., etc. The above goods are not made in white alone, but are in imitation of ivory, horn, agate, carnelian, amber, coral, precious marbles, etc., as well as in plain shades of colors, the Company showing among its exhibits samples of over two hundred colors among those which are regularly made. The exhibit covered a space of twenty-three feet front by about thirty feet deep, and consisted of four cases of chaste design, of mahogany, three of which rested upon mahogany tables, while the fourth had a solid base inlaid with celluloid panels in imitation of various colored marbles. The cases ranged from sixteen to twenty feet each in length, and were six feet high above the tables, surrounded completely with plate-glass, while the articles to be shown were arranged upon the inside upon plush-covered stands, artistically set off with burnished brass. The floor was covered with Brussels carpet and Turkish rugs, except where a handsome border of celluloid tiles, in an infinite variety of colors, surrounded the cases. The whole was inclosed with mahogany posts, surmounted with large balls of celluloid in imitation of ivory, tortoise-shell, malachite, etc., and paneled with celluloid marble, while between the posts hung a heavy cable chain of ivory celluloid, the whole combining one of the very handsomest exhibits which have ever been placed upon view at a public exhibition, creditable to the Company and to the manager of the Franklin Institute, who secured this attraction for their Exhibition. It is fairly claimed that the invention of celluloid is of still greater value than that of vulcanized rubber, as, while all articles which are made from rubber can be made from celluloid, many others which it would have been impracticable to make from rubber, owing to its color and physical characteristics, can be made from celluloid, the latter material thus filling a much wider field than that occupied by rubber.

The display of pottery and porcelain, by Messrs. Ott & Brewer, of Trenton, N. J., was also one of the most effective and artistic in the Exposition, and attracted general praise for its beauty. The Belleek eggshell porcelain, of which this firm have made a specialty for the past two years, proved a most fascinating novelty, and was to most spectators a revelation of grace and perfection of form. This beautiful article derives its name from Belleek, in Ireland, where it was originally produced, but Ott & Brewer have been able to manufacture from American clays an article unquestionably superior in every important respect to the Irish. It is universally conceded that the Belleek china surpasses all other kinds of porcelain, and that its discovery marks a distinct epoch in the potter's art. Among the other products of Ott & Brewer's potteries exhibited, were thin, opaque china, and white granite dinner and tea services, toilet sets and other specialties, all demonstrating the highest merit, and the excellence of domestic materials and workmanship. Messrs. Ott & Brewer's works at Trenton, N. J., cover 300x200 feet of ground, and have been established for more than twenty years.

The American Machine Company of Philadelphia made a fine display of hardware, specialties and scales. The principal novelty in their exhibit was scales. Their counter scales have no loose weights to become dirty, gummy, lost or mislaid, nor can a wrong weight be taken up in mistake and put on the plate. The weights are hung on a rack and inclosed in a case, where they can neither be seen nor handled. When goods are placed in the scoop of the scale, as many of these weights are lifted as will balance the goods. The balancing is shown by a pointer and dial, which also show the exact weight of goods in the scoop. All is thus done automatically on the scale, all the grocer does is to put the goods on the scale and watch the pointer until it shows weight required. This scale is different from the spring scale often seen, as no springs are used in them. The balancing on these scales is so nicely shown, that if one grain of coffee is taken off the scale, the pointer will show that weight is not exact. Various sizes and styles of scales for grocers, druggists, confectioners, butchers, etc., are exhibited. The postal scale shown is different from any other one made. When a letter or package is put on the scale, a

pointer and dial show the weight of package on which postage must be paid. The beam with poise weight does not vibrate up and down as in common scales when a package is put on the scale, but comes to rest at once. The weighing of mail matter on this scale can be done far more rapidly than by any other scale. Another novelty in scales is the potato scale, which is intended to weigh automatically potatoes and other vegetables in place of measuring them. A fixed weight at one end of the beam serves to balance different quantities in the scoop by means of four sets of pivots. When balancing on first set of pivots, pointer indicates a quart in the scoop; on the second, quarter peck; on the third, half peck; and on the fourth, one peck. These scales are made to standard weight of a bushel as used in various parts of the country. Before many years this is the only way in which potatoes and other vegetables will be sold, as it is the only method that is just to both the buyer and seller.

Among the specialties of household use we find a novel tool, an ice-chipper for reducing a block of ice into small and nearly uniform size pieces. It will reduce a ten-pound piece into small pieces in about two minutes. It is largely used for breaking up ice to use in ice-cream and puddings. Another novelty is a holder for Christmas-trees, which does away with the old plan of sawing foot-pieces and braces, and nailing them together to support the tree. A number of other articles for household use are exhibited, such as fluting and crimping machines, ice-cream freezers, clothes-wringers, Mrs. Potts's celebrated cold-handle, double-pointed sad irons, tobacco cutters and shavers, cake-mixing machines, and other goods of similar character.

The Lowe Manufacturing Company's exhibit of its new water gas for lighting and heating purposes was one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition, and a public lecture on the evening of the 22d ult., by Professor T. S. C. Lowe, the inventor, on "Water Gas, and its Future," was attended by a large audience. Our illustration shows a large interior brilliantly lighted by this new illuminant, which is making rapid progress towards perfection, and, in the opinion of the best judges, is destined soon to come into general use. In his lecture, Professor Lowe stated that New York pays for illuminating gas more than \$30,000 per day, or \$12,775,000 per annum, while the cost of the same article to Philadelphia is over \$15,000 per day. Referring to the establishment of fuel gas-works in large cities the speaker said:

"At 30 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, at which price fuel gas would be used to the exclusion of all other fuel, at least five times as much gas would be used for fuel as is now used for light, and probably ten times as much. A consumption of 100,000,000 feet daily at this price would amount to \$30,000 per day, while the cost of manufacturing the gas and conducting the business of the company would be paid out of 10 cents per 1,000 feet, leaving a net profit of \$20,000 a day, or \$7,300,000 per annum, which would pay 6 per cent. interest on a capital of \$121,000,000, or 10 per cent. on \$73,000,000. A consumption of but 50,000,000 feet daily would pay an annual profit of \$3,650,000, an amount sufficient to pay 6 per cent. on \$60,000,000, or 10 per cent. on \$36,500,000."

"New York employs a capital of \$45,000,000 in the manufacture of illuminating gas. One-fourth of the amount would establish a plant to furnish heat, light and power for all purposes, with enormous profit to the company. Philadelphia, with her numberless manufactories, would use immense quantities of this fuel, and it can be made at her doors as cheaply as the inferior natural gas can be brought thither from the wells. Capital is sure to find a safe and profitable investment in supplying this improvement to towns and cities everywhere."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

OLEOZE, the favorite German preparation for disguising the taste of most unpleasant remedies, is said to have this composition: One part each of the oils of lavender, cloves, cinnamon, thyme, citron, mace and orange-flowers; three parts of balsam of Peru, and 240 parts of spirits.

THE expression of the eyes of persons killed by violence is considered an important matter in criminal jurisprudence, but its value has been greatly lessened by reason of its evanescent nature. A French scientist has found a means of restoring the life-like expression. It consists in applying a few drops of glycerine and water to the cornea.

A SIMPLE and effective method of bleaching bones, to give them the appearance of ivory, has been discovered. After digesting the bones with ether or benzine to recover the fat, they are thoroughly dried and immersed in a solution of phosphoric acid in water, containing one per cent. of phosphoric anhydride. In a few hours they are removed from the solution, washed in water, and dried.

THE Geographical Society of Hamburg has published a memorandum showing the territorial extent of the recent German annexations in the Pacific Ocean. The following are the estimates: Kaiser Wilhelm's Land (German New Guinea), 34,508 square miles; New Ireland, 3,398.8 square miles; New Britain, 9,348.8 square miles, and the Bismarck Archipelago, 15,261.6 square miles. The same authority estimates the area of New Guinea taken under British protection as 65,517.76 square miles, or about the same as the total of the German annexations in the Pacific.

COCOANUT cellulose is a new substance, and if it possesses the quality claimed for it, England may go back to her wooden walls with safety and beat up her self-destructive rams for old iron. The patentees claim that a ship cannot be sunk by shot or shell if only she has taken the precaution of coming into the fight with this peculiar tissue as a great-coat. When a shot, no matter what its dimensions, strikes the side of a frigate, the carpenter and his mates need not jump to cram in the old-time plugs, for the cellulose immediately closes, and a drop of water will not enter.

M. PLATEAU, the physiologist of Ghent, has been occupied upon some interesting experiments to solve the question whether insects can distinguish the shapes of objects with their eyes. Can a fly recognize the person who is bent upon destroying it? Or does a wasp exactly know which of a group of persons it intends to sting? M. Plateau replies "No." The result of his experiment goes to confirm the theory already laid down by Exner—namely, that an insect perceives with its eyes the intensity of the light upon an object, and also takes note of the movements of an object; but it is not able to distinguish one object from another by its outward shape.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is said that the French forces in Tonquin will soon be reduced to 12,000 men.

THE first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway left Montreal on the 2d instant.

THURSDAY, the 26th instant, has been fixed by the President as national Thanksgiving Day.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of October amounted to \$13,276,774.

THE City of St. Paul will have an ice-palace during the coming Winter, modeled after that at Montreal.

MATTEI, the would-be assassin of M. de Freycinet, has been reported insane by his medical examiners.

FOUR inches of snow fell in some parts of Vermont on the 1st instant. In Dakota there was a snowfall of ten inches.

THE municipal authorities of Paris, to relieve workmen's distress, have decided to collect \$300,000, to be expended on a series of grand fêtes.

THE North German Gazette, referring to colonial missions, says that only French Jesuits are forbidden in German colonies; that German Catholics and Protestants enjoy equal rights.

THE Russian Government has decided that liquors shall be retailed only in hotels and eating-houses. As a result of this edict, 90,000 vodka shops will be closed on January 1st, 1886.

THE Republicans of New York will have a majority of thirty-four on joint ballot in the next Legislature. The Democratic plurality for Governor is about 11,000, and for Lieutenant-governor about 5,000.

A GILT-EDGED club, to be called the Algonquin, has been organized in Boston, with a membership of 200. Its rooms will be fitted upon the model of the Union League of New York, and probably on a more extensive scale.

IN the State elections of the 3d instant the Republicans carried Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, and the Democrats elected their tickets in New York, Virginia, Maryland, and Mississippi.

THE new coercive laws promulgated by the Danish Government are very stringent and comprehensive, the penalties for violation thereof ranging from heavy fines to imprisonment. They will probably deepen the popular hostility to the Government.

A STRIKE of the Knights of Labor employed on certain railroads in Texas caused, last week, a stagnation of traffic at Galveston and other points. In Galveston the railroad-shops, freight-houses, cotton-presses and wharves were deserted, and business of every kind is at a standstill.

A MUNICIPAL census, just completed at Kansas City, Mo., shows the city's population, exclusive of Kansas City, Kansas, and other suburbs, to be 105,042. This indicates a gain of about 100 per cent. since 1880. The proportion between the sexes is 65,000 males to 39,000 females.

At the late Ohio election the Constitutional Amendment to abolish October elections was carried by an average of 537,000, and the amendment to change the terms of township officers from one to three years received 469,000 votes. The Governor has issued a proclamation declaring the amendments carried.

MR. GLADSTONE deprecates discussion of the question of disestablishing the English Church as premature. He is of the opinion that the establishment will last his time, and does not regard the agitation as a question of practical politics. Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has written a letter in favor of disestablishment.

CAPTAIN BURTON's new translation of "The Arabian Nights," now passing through the Press in London, grows fouler and fouler as it proceeds. A Crown lawyer said of it at the St. Paul trial: "It will soon be fit to appear in the *Pall Mall*." The police have discovered the secret printing-office, but are not yet advised whether to suppress it or not. The second volume of this prurient vileness is so much dirtier than the first that it commands four times the price.

A CUSTOM of the days gone by still obtains in the District of Columbia courts. According to an old Maryland law, the foreman of each jury is presented with a pound of tobacco on rendering the verdict in each case. As this is far in excess of the demand for the weed, the cash equivalent of \$1 is substituted. The tobacco fund amounts to a considerable sum during a term of court, and is usually devoted to the purchase of a cane for the foreman, bouquets for the judge, and minor comforts for the jurors.

THE opposition to sanitary reform still continues in Montreal. Last week policemen were fired upon while attempting to remove smallpox patients from private houses, and in one case a desperate conflict took place. A crowd gathered in front of a house whence it was proposed to remove certain sick persons, and prevented the police from advancing, firearms being used, but probably without fatal effect. Finally the doors were broken down with axes, but even inside the house where the patients were a fight took place before an occupant was captured.

THE greatest musical event ever witnessed in San Francisco was the production at the California Theatre, on the 2d instant, of "Macbeth," to the music of Edgar S. Kelley. The music, which was given for the first time in its entirety, was interpreted by an orchestra of fifty and a chorus of thirty. The theatre was packed, and the audience included every musical celebrity on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Kelley is a native of the village of Sparta, Wis., and is only twenty-eight years old. In 1880 he went to San Francisco, and since then has been uninterruptedly engaged on his great work.

A NEW block of apartment buildings, near Central Park, in New York city, covers an area of 201x425, and includes eight buildings, each fire-proof, and with two passenger elevators running all night. The buildings are ranged round hollow squares, so that every room has light and air. They are ten stories high, with suites ranging in rental from \$1,800 to \$6,000. The large apartments contain a parlor, 17x34; a library, 19x23; a dining-room, 16x31; a breakfast-room, 18x21; a billiard-room, 19x24; eight sleeping-rooms, two bath-rooms, a kitchen, 19x17, with pantry and laundry; servants' rooms, a cellar-room, two reception halls, two covered balconies and a store-room, having in all more than 300 feet frontage on the streets and (Seventh) avenue.

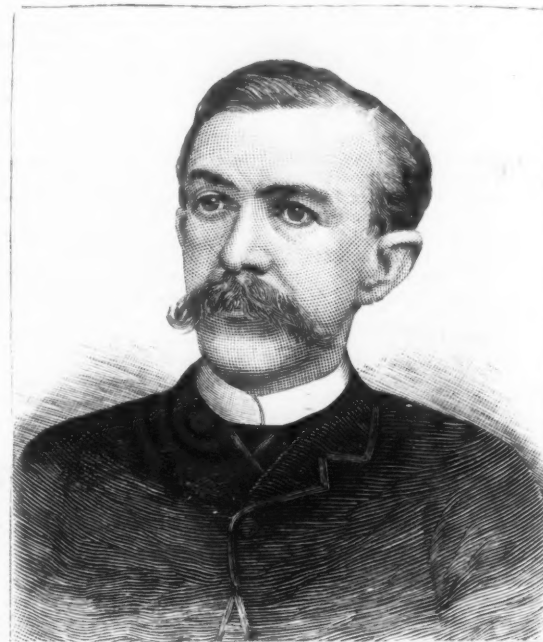


HON. WILLIAM E. SMITH, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BALDWIN.

pleted a course of study in law. Returning home when barely of age, he was nominated by the Democrats to represent his county in the General Assembly of the State. The county was largely Republican, but the popular majority against Mr. Jernigan was only fifteen, and, through the failure of some of the Republican precincts to make returns according to law, the certificate of election was awarded him. Being a man of stern integrity, and scorning to do anything of doubtful propriety, even though he might be benefited, he declined to accept the certificate of election. As soon as he was old enough, he received the nomination to the State Senate from a district composed of seven counties in which the Republicans were largely in the ascendancy. Mr. Jernigan was elected by a handsome majority. In the Presidential contest of 1880 he was a Hancock Elector for the First Congressional District, and succeeded in polling a larger vote than any District Elector in the State. Shortly after, Mr. Jernigan engaged in the cotton business in the City of Norfolk, Va., but retaining his citizenship in North Carolina, and during the past year he resumed the practice of law at his home at Harrellsville, Hertford County. Mr. Jernigan, on his father's side, is a near relative to the late Spencer Jernigan, once United States Senator from Tennessee, and by his mother, a near kinsman to Chief Justice Smith of North Carolina. Judge Jernigan will sail for Japan the latter part of November.

NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

HON. WILLIAM E. SMITH, recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is a lawyer of ability, about forty years old, and resides at Plattsburg, N. Y., with an office in New York city, where he has been one of the attorneys for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. He has been a leader of what is known as the Young Democracy in the State of New York, and has been identified with the Tilden wing of the party. In 1884 he was leader of his party in the New York Assembly, and was one of the most



HON. THOMAS R. JERNIGAN, U. S. CONSULAR JUDGE TO JAPAN.

U. S. CONSULAR JUDGE TO JAPAN.

HON. THOMAS R. JERNIGAN, whom President Cleveland recently appointed as Consul to Montevideo and afterwards nominated for the Consular Judgeship at Osaka, Japan, is a native of North Carolina, having been born in Hertford County, in that State, in 1850. Mr. Jernigan, when only fifteen years of age, became a volunteer in the Confederate cavalry, was captured in Eastern Carolina during the last year of the war, and was exchanged about one month before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. Soon after the close of the war, he entered the University of Virginia, where he received his education, and where he com-

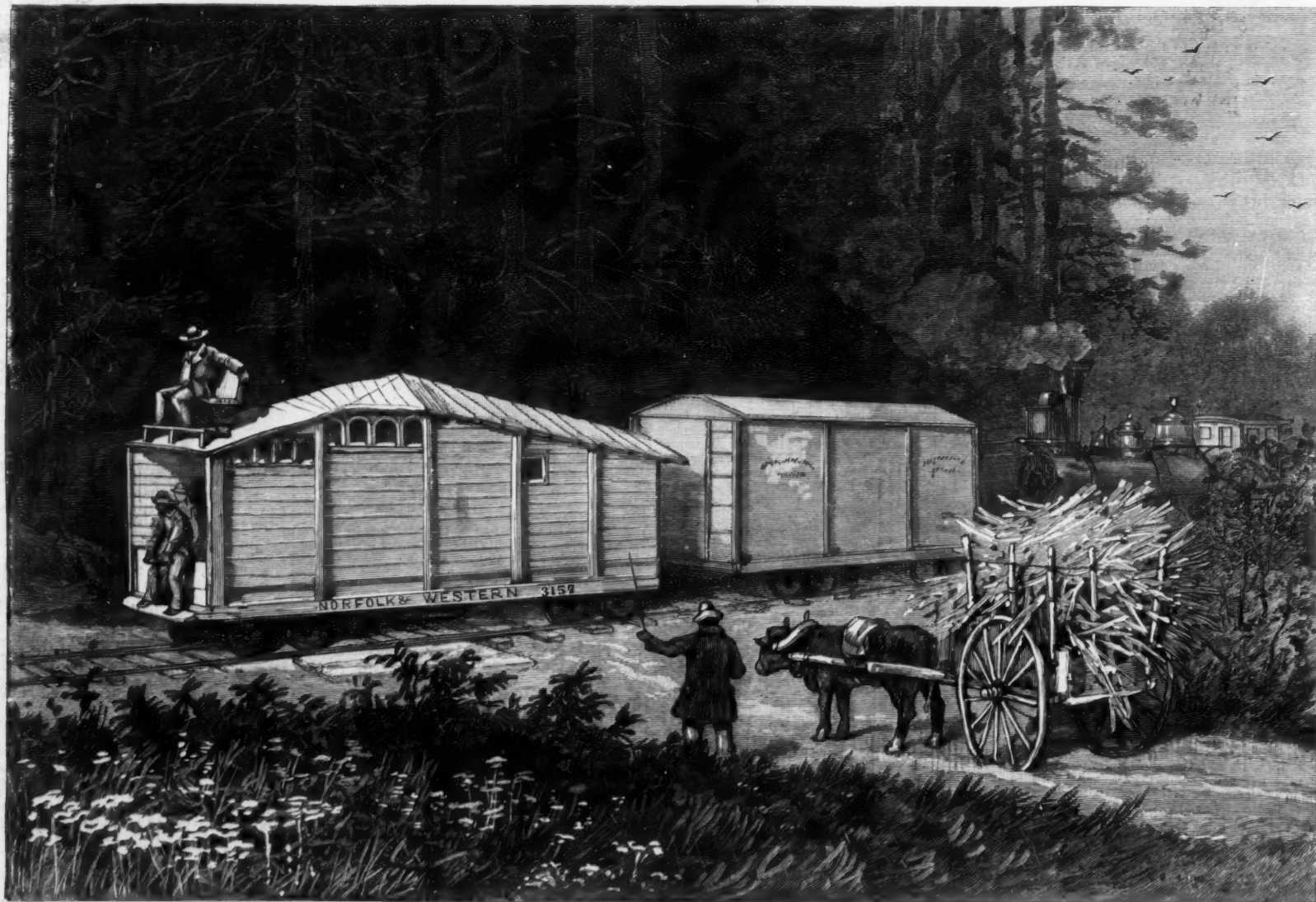


PENNSYLVANIA.—THE FIRST BURIAL-PLACE OF GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE, ON PRESQUE ISLE.
FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. I. B. GARA.

influential champions of Governor Cleveland's reform measures. He was a prominent figure in the delegation of Young Democrats which went to the Chicago Convention to urge the nomination of Cleveland, and was subsequently closely identified with the management of the canvass in this State. He is a gentleman of high character, and he is expected to fill with entire acceptance the position to which he has been appointed.

FIRST BURIAL-PLACE OF GENERAL WAYNE.

AFTER fulfilling his mission as major-general on the Northwestern frontier for the purpose of forcing the Indians into subjection, General Anthony Wayne



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TOUR THROUGH VIRGINIA.—A "CONSTRUCTION-TRAIN" ON THE NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILROAD.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 198.



1 Ott & Brewer's Display of Pottery and Porcelain. 2 Illustration of Water Gas as an Illuminant. 3 The Ice Fountain. 4 American Machine Company's Hardware Exhibit. 5 Exhibit of the Celluloid Manufacturing Company.

PENNSYLVANIA—SOME SPECIMEN EXHIBITS AT THE RECENT NOVELTIES EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 203.

embarked in a small vessel at Detroit, in the Fall of 1796, for Erie, Pa., on his way homeward. He was attacked with gout during the passage down the lake, a form of bodily trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, and which had been much aggravated by exposure in the Western wilds. As the vessel was without suitable remedies, he could obtain no relief, and on landing at Presque Isle was in a dangerous condition. In accordance with his own request, he was conveyed to a blockhouse on the so-called Garrison tract, the attic of which had been fitted up as a sleeping-apartment. Every attention was paid the distinguished invalid that circumstances would permit, but without avail. He died on the 15th of December, 1796. Two days thereafter his body was buried, as he had directed, in a plain coffin, with his uniform and boots on, at the foot of the flag-staff of the blockhouse. The top of the coffin was marked with the initials of his name, "A. W.," his age, and the year of decease, in round-headed brass tacks, driven into wood. In the Spring of 1809, under the direction of his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne, the body was taken up, conveyed to his home in Chester County, and interred in the family burying-ground. It was found in a remarkable state of preservation, all petrified with the exception of one foot and leg, which were partially gone.

The illustration on page 204 represents the burying-ground, within the present limits of the City of Erie, as it now appears, with a view of the entrance to Presque Isle Harbor.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A new pooling contract has been entered into by the trunk-line railroads.

There were 156 business failures in the country during the week, as against 166 in the corresponding week of 1884.

The Creek Indians have decided not to sell Oklahoma at any price, and the "Boomers" will consequently be compelled to stay out of the Territory.

The sum of \$1,629 was last week received from Paris, Amsterdam and Hamburg, in aid of the Grant Monument Fund, which now amounts to about \$96,500.

The Government proposes to make special efforts to break up the illicit liquor traffic in Tennessee. There has lately been an increase of illicit distilling and of hostile interference with the revenue officials.

Six of the striking street-car drivers in St. Louis, who were concerned in blowing up the cars with dynamite during the recent strike, have been arrested, and having confessed their guilt, will be convicted and punished.

The Circuit Court at Cincinnati has granted a mandamus to the four Republican candidates for Senator who claim that they were "counted out" at the late election, and who demand a recount according to law. The Democratic candidates will appeal to the Supreme Court.

Two hundred and fifty Mormon proselytes and twenty-five returning missionaries arrived at New York last week. The converts had been gathered mostly from England and Scandinavia. They were well provided with clothes and money. Several additional convictions of polygamists were reached at Salt Lake last week.

FOREIGN.

The Governor of Cochinchina has demanded reinforcements to protect his territory against the operations of the French.

The French commander in Tonquin telegraphs that the results of the campaign have been favorable, but that cholera kills six men daily.

The Parliamentary campaign in England was marked last week by speeches from John Bright, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Salisbury, and others.

A conspiracy to take the life of King Milan of Serbia has been discovered, and six of the leaders have been arrested. A Pan-Slavist rising was to follow the assassination of the king. Active war preparations continue at Philippopolis.

The new German Ambassador to France, in presenting his credentials last week, delivered a friendly message from Emperor William, to which President Grévy responded in a manner calculated to strengthen the good relations existing between the two countries.

The German Government has called a conference to meet at Berlin for the purpose of making an international arrangement for properly lighting coasts throughout the world, in the interests of navigation; also, to arrange with the barbarous tribes for the protection of wrecked crews.

The British Parliament will be summoned to meet in January, and will then adjourn. During the interim, if there is a large Liberal majority, the present Ministry will resign and a new Ministry will be formed. If the Conservatives should have a majority in the new Parliament, they will prepare a programme for the session. If the parties are equally divided, the Conservatives will retain office.

FUN.

Micawbers should feed on turn-ups.
The proper dessert for an undertaker—Berry-pie.
If you can't "Bear" a cough, "Bull" it with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

When a person is in everybody's mouth, he naturally has a high appreciation of the popular taste.

When a cyclone gets through with a Western village, it is like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

A Pittsburg (Pa.) lady who owns eight or ten houses, gets tipsy in the streets. Think of this, ye men who only have to find one house.

According to a scientific estimate, a bushel of corn contains sixteen quarts of whisky. The average granger would be willing to swap even.

One for the landlady: *Fogg*—"This paper says that potatoes should be washed before they are boiled for hogs." *Lady* (abstractedly)—"Yes, I always wash them before I put them on to boil."

You may call a woman "a little duck," or even "a little goose," with perfect impunity; but a Brooklyn court has just decided that a woman who called another "a Shanghai hen" had damaged her to the extent of \$500.

APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

With few exceptions, the first effect of the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, is an improvement in appetite and digestion. A change in the whole personal appearance soon follows. The skin grows clearer, the eyes brighter, the movements more elastic. There is a sense of lightness and comfort. The chest begins to expand and the weight to increase. All the depressed or sluggish functions of the body take on a better action, and there is a gradual return to a more healthy condition. If the Treatment is continued, and the laws of health carefully observed, restoration, unless the physical system is too far broken down, will follow in nearly every case. All desired information in regard to this remarkable Treatment will be furnished free by Drs. Starkey & Palen.

The Bill of the play—Shakespeare.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

About two years ago a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

H. W. Johns' Asbestos Liquid Paints are Standard. Pamphlet, Structural Decorations, free by mail. H. W. Johns Mfg Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are indorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest luster.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.

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